PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

OCT 22 1942

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIV. No. 605. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 197	JAMAICA. By Anthony Birac.	Page 203
THE THIRD FRONT IN FRANCE	199	GRAND PASSION. By Y. Y.	204
PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE. By Vernon Bartlett, M.P.	199	THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	204
APPEAL TO IRELAND. By Pamela Hinkson.	200	PLAYS AND PICTURES	205
THE NEED FOR RESPONSIBILITY IN POWER. By Harold J. Laski	201	CORRESPONDENCE	205
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	202	From C. de B. Murray; H. A. Copeman; Tom Harrisson; Lincoln Green; Howard Whitten; and others.	
STERLING VALUES. By Sagittarius	202	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier	Page 207
THIS ENGLAND	203	REVIEWS:	
		Hitler Speaks. By Leonard Woolf	208
		The Critics Differ. By V. S. Pritchett	209
		A Century of Detection. By Ralph Partridge	210
		A Valuable Guide.	210
		Shorter Notice	210
		WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	210

THE TWO GAMBLES

WHILE with mingled admiration, horror and hope they watch the terrific battle of Stalingrad, the people in this country ask themselves how it comes about that even now there appears to be so little unity in the strategy of the United Nations. Soviet spokesmen repeat the demand for a Western front; no one doubts that the issue of the war may turn upon dispersing Germany's armed strength and forcing the Nazi Command to face two ways. Why, then, we are asked, is this unique opportunity, created by the unexampled resistance of the Russian soldier, still neglected fifteen months after the German attack on the Soviet Union? Is the explanation purely technical, or are there still, as some suggest, political factors that prevent Britain fighting the same war at the same time with the U.S.S.R.?

The question is not simple, and no one who has not been present at meetings of the War Cabinet or the Chief of Staffs Committee can answer it with any precision. When challenged we can only refer to published facts, well aware that no picture we draw can be more than a rough approximation.

We note first that questions of the offensive in warfare are always to some extent "questions of will" as well as of technical possibility. The German army has done many "impossible" things in this war. It is because technical problems are only solved by the determined will that Napoleon insisted that in war there is no such thing as the impossible. The story of war teems with examples of victories due to resolute use of the resources available at the time when they could be effective, and the defeat of those who waited till the text-book requirements of material and dispositions were achieved. From the moment of Germany's attack on Russia it was clear that victory, until then an aspiration sustained only by faith, had become a reasonable possibility; it was also clear that the serious problems of shipping and other technical difficulties would not be overcome unless the order were given that, come what might, the attack had to be rapidly prepared. Only then would production leap up, as was proved on the day of the Dieppe raid, which was thought to be the beginning of a second front; only then should we achieve that austerity of siege economy which we all in theory agreed to be essential to victory. The political decision had to come first. The scale, the place of attack—they were purely technical matters: the decision to prepare an offensive was bound to be in part at least political.

Why, then, we are asked, was no such decision taken? Was it dislike and suspicion of Soviet Russia? We answer that this factor has played an important but a dwindling part. Those who assume a crude hostility to Russia neglect, for instance, the astonishing, almost quixotic, heroism of British convoys to Russia. The facts are not so simple. In 1941, when Hitler invaded Russia, the expert view was that the U.S.S.R. would not last many weeks, and the notion that Stalin might patch up a sudden peace with Hitler was canvassed here with as much persistence as a similar suspicion about us was harboured in Moscow. To-day both countries know that the other is absolutely committed to the war, and these factors of prejudice play little, if any, part in settling questions of strategy. When we recall, however, that the opening of a second front meant months of preparation, we cannot avoid asking whether these suspicions and hostility did not prevent a decision at a time which would have made action possible in 1942.

Apart from these conscious suspicions we note the influence of the instinctive British view that we, as a sea Power, would do well, with our limited resources, to let the two great land Powers wear each other out in the East, while Britain and America (no easy ally of the Soviet Union) increasingly harmonised their forces and their production. The natural tendency of our chiefs of staff is all against a Continental expedition. Our man-power goes into manufacture, the navy and now the air. The army comes last. This tradition is naturally reinforced by the fall of Dunkirk and the long series of German military victories. Nothing, it was argued, would so quickly lose the war as to have another British army driven into the sea. Moreover, for generals trained in the British tradition the natural course of action is, in Europe, to rely on blockade and the high morale of our democracy, and in defence of the Empire to throw in all available forces. In the event the armies of Britain and the Empire have been spread out thin on many fronts; the victories of Japan and the disaster in Libya added immensely to the strain on shipping and the navy, compelled to convoy men and material many thousands of miles, while neglecting the opportunity of a timely, and perhaps fatal, blow at the heart of a Germany whose army was suffering, as we know, from the appalling strain of the Russian winter. The French coast, where the air umbrella could be complete, if not for victory at least for the purpose of withdrawing part of Germany's air force from Russia, was left unmolested, while British power was dispersed in a score of places which it was certainly difficult to neglect, but which in fact proved indefensible, and which could have been retaken with comparative ease, once the power of Hitler's armies was broken. History is likely, we believe, to judge the failure of the British Command to face new circumstances and break with traditional ways as a more important factor than any political prejudice.

This view of the war was reinforced by the development of a bombing *mystique*. Some leading politicians and service chiefs have expressed it in terms that reveal an unbalanced view of the war. Their claims of what could be achieved by bombing alone might or might not have been sense if our air power had been six times as great as in fact it is. As a result air development was permitted to continue separately for land and sea, and the concentration on the output of heavy bombers meant that there were no torpedo bombers or dive bombers or transport planes. It became the habit to rejoice in Russia's resistance as a factor which gave Britain and America time to win the war when the air fleet was complete. This concentration on "strategic" bombing was at once a reason and a proof of the failure to go all out last winter in the preparation of a second front.

These are the general factors, and without knowledge of the technical details the argument cannot be much further pursued. Some very well-informed persons who agree that these inhibiting psychological factors were present, still argue that a second front in Europe in 1942 would have been an unjustifiable risk; that the chances

are that it would have been repelled without materially embarrassing the Germans and with disastrous results to the morale of the British Army. In any case such an offensive, they say, would have been largely sacrificial; it would have been a gamble against heavy odds. To this our reply is that the alternative seems an even more terrible gamble.

Let us consider the risks of waiting for America to be ready. From the time that France fell it became difficult to envisage any method of victory except in conjunction with anti-Fascist elements on the Continent; this meant co-operating in some places with purely nationalist revolutionaries, but in others with socialists, communists, or even anarchists and monarchists. It meant parting company with several respectable Allied governments; it meant that the habits of mind of the Foreign Office had to be disturbed even more than those of generals who had never learnt to pay much attention to such factors as political warfare or the arming of revolutionaries for guerilla tactics. If imagination now plays an important part in British tactics for the European offensive, it is a recent as well as a welcome addition. The danger is that it may have come too late. If the delay is too prolonged the capacity, perhaps the will, of our submerged allies to take part in their own liberation, must be terribly diminished by mass executions, discouragement and starvation. On this experts in the European service, including, it seems, Sir Samuel Hoare, agree. Sir Samuel hints, not obscurely, at the German assumption that if Britain and America cannot attack in 1942, then the logic of the situation is a German peace that leaves Europe in Hitler's hands and ourselves a helpless island on the edge of a Nazi world. That is the logic of our policy, and there appears to be confidence in the German command that, as time goes on, logic will get the upper hand even in Britain. Here the Germans are, as usual in such matters, mistaken. Rather than that, we are likely to continue for years in a gigantic and inconclusive bombing and blockading match. In that case Sir Samuel Hoare's warning about winning in time for the victory to have any meaning or to save anything we want to save or liberate anyone who still wants to be liberated would be precisely and terribly to the point.

This, however, is not the last word. Sir Samuel's picture of protracted, inconclusive and finally destructive war assumes that the Western offensive will be postponed until, even with the effective arrival of the United States in the war, it cannot be successfully undertaken. It assumes that the Germans will be able in 1943 to transfer large quantities of men and material and aircraft from Russia to the Western front. If that happens we cannot see how even the victory in the now costly battle of the Atlantic or the impact of millions of American soldiers, brilliant American generals and masses of American material will bring victory within measurable time. But that factor is still uncertain, and on it the future depends. If the Russians, in spite of appalling loss and privation, can continue to hold the bulk of Germany's armies, then, it is hoped, these incalculable American factors will make it possible to defeat the Nazis. Of the two gambles this seems to be the one the Western Democracies have chosen.

Resistance in Norway

By resigning *en masse* from their Quisling-controlled unions, Norwegian Trade Unionists have struck a powerful blow at the Quisling State. The action was planned with great care over a long period and was timed for the moment when it would have the maximum effect. Just over a year after Hansteen and Vickstroem were murdered, scores of leading trade union officials were sent to concentration camps, and the Norwegian T.U.C. and the individual unions were put in the hands of Quisling commissars, headed by the "leader," Odd Fossum. The real leadership of the Norwegian workers was then taken over by an underground organisation which maintained contact with the membership through key-workers in the factories, and above all through its clandestine paper *Free Trade Unionism*. The underground leaders at that time advised the members to accept the order imposing compulsory membership of the Nazified unions. For some months there was a lull on the workers' front, and the heat of the battle was borne by the teachers and the clergy. Then in the summer came the conscription of labour for work on Hitler's project of converting Norway into "the fortress of the North." This was accompanied by a sharp deterioration in the food situation. The appropriate moment was carefully chosen. Early in August *Free Trade Unionism* along with the other underground newspapers, published full details of Quisling's plans to summon a "Riksting" (National Assembly) organised on the Corporative fascist model, with nominated representatives of a Labour Front, Peasants' Front, Teachers' Front, and so on. The Riksting would provide an "independent, constitutional basis" for Quisling's "National Government," and authorise Quisling to "conclude peace" with Germany and declare war on Germany's enemies. "If this happens," said *Free Trade Unionism*, "the workers must turn the Labour Front into a dead organisation, with corrupt leaders, but no members." The sequence of events after this is remarkable. Thursday, September 10th, Quisling's government issued a decree enforcing, under severe penalties, compulsory membership of all trade, industrial and professional associations. Saturday, September 12th, *Free Trade Unionism* brought out a special edition, saying that the Labour Front was now about to be formed, and issuing the slogan for which workers had long been waiting: "Out of the Nazi Unions!" Monday, September 14th, the first resignation letters began to pour into the Trade Union offices in a stream which rapidly swelled to a torrent. Tuesday, September 15th, an official report reached Stockholm from Oslo that the summoning of the Riksting had been postponed from September 25th to some later date "as the necessary preparatory steps had not been completed." This simple statement, which was later confirmed, was the first evidence that the Norwegian workers had won a resounding victory. Hitler had stepped in and sent Quisling's Spanish castle crashing to the ground. Whether Quisling himself will now be swept aside, or will be retained in nominal authority in order to save Hitler's face, is yet uncertain. What *is* certain, however, is that the defiant action of the Norwegian workers has forever made it impossible for a genuine Nazi regime to be established in Norway.

Bread and Potatoes

The decision to raise the price of bread, coupled with a reduction in the price of potatoes, is presumably designed in the main to save shipping space by diverting consumption to a commodity which is home-produced and in plentiful supply. No one is likely to dissent from the view that this is a desirable object. There is still, undoubtedly, a good deal of waste of bread; and it may be better to persuade people to eat more potatoes *as* potatoes than to put potato-flour into the bread. It is, however, by no means to be taken for granted that the increase in price will go far towards bringing about the desired result. In normal times, a rise in bread-prices leads not to decreased, but to increased, consumption, because it causes poor people to have less money to spare for more expensive foods, and therefore to substitute more bread (which is still cheaper at its higher price) for these foods. This, of course, does not hold good if potatoes are substituted for bread; but will the change in bread prices be enough to bring about this result? The wasters of bread are not mainly the poorest consumers: they are largely persons on whom the rise in price will not, of itself, have much effect. The change in consumption will be actually brought about, if at all, more by influencing caterers to be more sparing in supplying bread to restaurant and canteen consumers, men in the services, and so on, and by the psychological impact on the consuming public of a realisation that they will be helping to win the war by substituting potatoes. But perhaps the decision to raise bread prices may have another important, but undeclared, motive. It may be the first step in a new policy of letting the cost of living rise a little in order to recapture some of the increased money which is being paid out in additional earnings.

The Fuel Target

Householders are still wrestling disconsolately with their fuel problems, but there has been as yet no real test of the efficiency with which the voluntary system is working. That cannot come until the cold weather, which increases the desire not only for fuel for room-warming, but also for fuel for hot water and heated food. It is not of much help in this respect to be told officially what proportion of fuel consumption is needed on the average for the different main uses—room-warming, water-heating, cooking, and light; the actual proportions differ so enormously from household to household that an average figure is of very little use. Consumers are in fact still for the most part struggling in the dark to adjust themselves to what is required of them; and there is no real evidence yet of either failure or success. It is therefore impossible to say, on this score, whether or not the case for compulsory rationing has been strengthened by the experience of the voluntary makeshift which has been put in its place. It should not, in any case, be assumed that the urgency of compulsory rationing is to be judged exclusively by the consumers' success or failure in reaching their targets. There is also the very big problem of industrial consumption. This is partly a question of cutting down waste by better management of industry; but it is also very much a matter of the efficiency of coal distribution in giving industrial management a fair chance. The improvement of boiler efficiency depends only in part on the quality of the fuel supplied. It is also affected very greatly by the *uniformity* of the supply. An electricity station or a factory can adjust itself to burning up inferior fuel very much more easily if it gets the same sort of inferior fuel regularly than if there is continual chopping and changing between different varieties of supply. There have been many complaints from big consumers that the distributing agencies have been paying far too little attention to this factor.

The remaining important factor in the fuel situation is the possibility of adding greatly to the supply of outcrop coal. The mining of this type of coal is, of course, a long-familiar thing. It has been important again and again in eking out supplies in times of strike; and it rose to quite large dimensions during the great dispute of 1926. But the familiar type of outcrop mining was useless as a method of meeting war difficulties because the getting of outcrop coal used up a large amount of labour in relation to the tonnage secured. The essence of the present development of outcropping is that it is based on a very high degree of mechanisation and therefore consumes very little labour, either skilled or unskilled. It is indeed an application to outcrop coal of methods which have been used very extensively in lignite mining in Germany and elsewhere and in iron-stone mining in the Midlands during the present war. It was presumably because it involved these new methods that it was not thought of and applied sooner as a way of adding to the supply of coal. Now that it has been applied on a small scale, this is no reason why it should not be quickly developed—as fast, in fact, as the necessary machinery can be supplied.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE THIRD FRONT IN FRANCE

TIMING in war is an offensive weapon. Every child now knows how essential it is for us to jam the Nazi military time-schedule. It is not so generally realised that the same elaborate planning has been put into the economic timetable of German conquest. But the organisation of the occupied countries to service the Axis war-machine is of an importance only less than that of the campaigns. And the resistance of the vanquished nations, their struggle to impede their assimilation, is in fact the Third Front in this war.

France offers the clearest example of this conflict behind the Nazi guns, and one in which the element of timing may be decisive. The Germans got away to a flying start in France. The shock and faintness of collapse were greatest there; for the weaker victims of Germany had the fortitude of despair, but the French people had never dreamed they could be defeated. And it was in those first months of black shame and anger that Pétain and Laval were able to overturn the Republic, and to make all plain for the conqueror. By the time the people had come to, the country was divided, with the German commandants ordering the local officials in every little town in the Occupied Zone, and Pétain's weird assortment of reactionaries and pacifists in power at Vichy.

The looting period to some degree camouflaged the next stages. Germans buying up the contents of every French shop, with the francs paid by France as "occupation expenses," perfumes and fur coats auctioned in Rumanian market-places by German "tourists" on behalf of their comrades in the West, all that was visible enough. What was not so obvious was the systematic expropriation of French business. It was all done in an orderly fashion. The great German companies work methodically; and the great French financiers and industrialists are a formidable phalanx, too. No doubt it helped negotiations that Big Business in France was largely collaborationist. "Better Hitler than Blum" had long been their motto; they now had to act upon it. An article in *La France Libre* for September gives a clear account of this process. There were conferences between French and German directors of banks and industries, with Government representatives present, and each series of meetings concluded with the sale of the business to Germans, or the acceptance of German majority control, or a cartel in which the German participant had the French under its orders. Thus all foreign investments have passed to German hands, as, for instance, the French interests in the Czech Skoda, in Jugoslav copper, in Polish coal; the Schneider-Creusot armament empire is no more. All French-Jewish holdings abroad were simply liquidated. In France a German Banking Control was established, whose director was also made co-director of the Bank of France. The task of this organisation was to buy up shares as they came on the market. Insurance, which was largely a British business, has been taken over by German companies. Three great industries have been cartelised under German control. Artificial silk works are amalgamated under a company called *France-Rayonne*, of which German producers hold a third of the shares, and the German ring effective control. *Francolor* marks the subjection of the French chemical industry to *I.G. Farbenindustrie*. It is typical that I.G.F. engages vaguely to assist the French group with "general experience and technical help in particular processes" while *Francolor* cedes all non-patented processes to the use of I.G.F., which is to have exclusive licences for the French patents also. The terms of the automobile agreement, which links the production of Germany, France, and Italy, are unknown.

This economic control of French industry probably replaces the earlier, cruder scheme by which Germany intended to dismantle the works and carry off the plant of French factories. This was superseded partly because it would have meant civil war; the workmen would have fought with their bare hands: partly because Germany, with the vast commitment of the Russian war, needed all the production of the conquered territories, and the men would obviously work more willingly in their own country, under their own bosses, than abroad. There was also (until the Renault works were bombed) the immunity of industry in the occupied countries from the R.A.F. So French industry was reorganised but left where it was; with an immense complication of changes of titles to direction, ownership and shareholding which it will be very difficult to disentangle.

Yet the time came—over a year ago—when Germany ran short of man-power. At the beginning she sucked in workers from the East: Poles, Slovaks, Croats. Then from the West: Dutch, Danes, Belgians, Frenchmen. Still the drain to Russia increased, still she wanted more men to keep the war industry ticking over; so recently she put the screw mercilessly on Vichy France. Withhold raw materials from a works till it shuts down; recruit the men for Germany. Then in May the levy—a failure. Now forced labour for men and unmarried women; and Laval conferring with the Nazis on the means by which the compulsory labour laws are to be co-ordinated with Germany's need for man-power.

There is no means of hiding the position from the people of France. This is not like the treaties between business magnates. Only the Renault workmen and their friends might realise that the lorries were being made for the German army. Every man knows now that he is being harried into the German war machine.

The other daily inescapable reminder of servitude is hunger. At first the food shortage could be attributed to war-disorganised agriculture, to the British blockade. Not now. The British blockade does not deny the French wine, milk, nor bread in a good harvest year like this. The people have gone hungry in summer; they have had coupons even for vegetables like tomatoes; the townsfolk face serious privation in winter. There is an open and popular Black Market, of course. But it is for those who have money.

The tightening squeeze of the Germans has indeed coincided with the growth of French resistance. How small this was at first! De Gaulle's refusal to submit; the Free French, so few. Then the Battle of Britain and news from the B.B.C.; people plucking up heart. Tiny groups; little clandestine papers, typewritten, roneographed; V-signs on the Métro stairs. Then the re-forming of the Socialist Party, underground; the Russian war and the swing into resistance of the Communists of Paris and the North-East. The Riom trials vindicated the Republic to many. *France* has published the full text of Blum's defence this week. It proves conclusively, as did the summaries which got through the censor at the time, that the responsibility for French unpreparedness and defeat did not lie with the Front Populaire. Still there were solid blocks of collaboration; Vichy and the Paris gang under Déat and Doriot; much of the *haute bourgeoisie*, entangled in the economic web; the near-Fascist groups like the Croix de Feu. The parish priests might be resisters, the hierarchy was silent, even on the racial decrees. Now even those frozen patches are melting. It was the people who rose and fought at St. Nazaire. It is not only the simple people who are fighting now. Cardinals and Archbishops instruct their priests and congregations to shelter Jewish children. The Catholic university of Toulouse, which is under the direction of the Archbishop, listens to lectures by Jewish professors. A conference of Catholic Bishops in Occupied France, and the Protestant Federation have protested against the pogroms. The 5,000 people arrested in Paris this week-end are not even called "Communists"; all opinions are joined in the opposition. Even the industrialists are sabotaging the labour decrees. The return of his *Légion d'Honneur* by Herriot is far more than a symbolic protest against the shame of decorating two Frenchmen who died fighting against Russia. The letters of protest by Herriot and Jeanneney on the suspension of the Constitution are an open declaration of opposition by the central figures of French politics. Herriot has protested before, but this time his action could not be suppressed by Vichy. France is as solidly resistant as she is likely to be.

Can the French maintain their Third Front? Certainly their emotions will not die down; the tyranny they suffer is too hateful. But the problem of timing is acute by now. The Germans are bent upon starving the people to a submissive lethargy. They are stamping out leadership; 116 executions in Paris this week-end. Their economic organisation is nearing totalitarian control. The French must contend against all this, as well as against their bitter disappointment at the absence of the Second Front, which Communist propaganda keyed them up to expect in July. If they can keep it up through the winter, so they believe, they will have defeated the German timetable. The coming months are indeed the testing-time for this civilian battle of the Third Front.

PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE

THE collapse of the debate in Parliament after Mr. Churchill's speech on September 8th was "a poor show." I know that. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* I know that, too. It's past history now, and the less we say about it the better. That I don't believe, for the public has not forgotten. It was, and still is, pleased with the stern rebuke to Members of Parliament that came from Sir Stafford Cripps; Members of Parliament were, and still are, angry over a reproach which they consider to have been unfair. And the gap between Parliament and the public is already so wide that no attempt to prevent its further widening can be a waste of time.

We cannot conduct parliamentary business with dignity, Sir Stafford told us, "unless Members are prepared to pay greater attention to their duties in this House, which are just as great as the duties of men in the trenches at the front." That is plain speaking, and it calls for plain speaking in return. His reproach, intended to strengthen the parliamentary system, has dealt it a nasty blow, for at least one wrong conclusion is being drawn from it. We, Members of Parliament, one conclusion is, are a poor bunch, and that few of us would deny. So many younger Members are away in the Services and so many older Members were elected in 1935 under false pretences (that the Government was serious about sanctions in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute) and have since avoided the test of another election. But that leads on to another conclusion, both false and dangerous—that Parliament itself isn't of much use. One has heard similar attacks on the Press, although Parliament and the Press are jointly responsible for most of the improvements of the war effort. But there are still people in the country who do not realise that freedom of expression, even though it be sometimes misused, is better than the progressive tyranny that is inevitable where that freedom is withheld. Until you can persuade the Government to encourage some system of elections even in wartime—as I believe it should do—you must make the best of the House of Commons you have.

To do so you must surely understand its difficulties and its idiosyncracies. Here are the facts about the Churchill debate as the ordinary backbencher sees them. There are two complaints—one, that an unusual number of Members walked out while the Prime Minister was speaking, and, two, that so few Members wanted to make themselves heard when he had finished. Had the exodus taken place merely because Members were hungry, the truants would have deserved censure. Not so much for their lack of courtesy (for the Prime Minister should not expect to be treated with the awe and deference shown to Hitler by the Reichstag) as for their lack of responsibility (for he was dealing with matters of such vital importance to themselves and their constituents)

But hunger played only a small part. Somebody, alas, had arranged an all-party meeting in some committee room upstairs to discuss the future of the police. The local government officials (whom one would not dare to offend) would be gathering upstairs from all over the country. That, rather than the fact that roast pork was on the restaurant menu, took some fifty Members out of the House before Churchill sat down.

But what about the rest of us? We crowded out of the Chamber when the speech was over at half-past one. Most of us went to eat, and some of us went to talk things over in the smoking room. And why not? Even an M.P.—believe it or not—must eat, and must thereby risk being accused of rudeness to the orator of the moment unless the rules are so changed that he is allowed to remain in his place, munching his sandwich or his Woolton pie while he listens. Had Cripps called a private meeting of Members to remind us that we were being rude to Arthur Greenwood we should have been contrite, for who would want to be rude to a man so universally liked? But we should have reminded the Leader of the House, as I venture to remind you, that we are not sent to Parliament primarily to listen to all the speeches in all the debates, and that argument and discussion in the smoking room do quite as much as debates in the Chamber to perpetuate that spirit of tolerance and understanding without which no Parliament can survive.

We should, I think, have gone further. We should have also protested against the unhappy and unnecessary custom of allowing each important ministerial statement to be followed immediately by statements from the leaders of the other parties. And against that other custom whereby any Privy Councillor has priority in catching the Speaker's eye over any back bencher. On this particular occasion the Labour Party had been warned that the whole of the first day would probably be taken up by men who, because they have at some time been Ministers or are now Privy Councillors, can expect that priority. How it happened that in this particular debate the party Whips had not a number of such orators available I do not know. But I do know that most of us on the back benches are no longer profoundly interested in speeches by the survivors of Chamberlain or Baldwin *régimes*. We will listen more readily to men of the future—especially if they have first-hand knowledge of war or production or labour conditions—than to men of the past.

But there are other reasons still why we resented the implications in Sir Stafford Cripps's reproach. On the day of a big debate all Members are in a quandary. If they hope to take part in it they cannot prepare their speeches in full until the Prime Minister has spoken. They must leave the Chamber after he has done so in order to revise their notes. If they leave the Chamber for too long they may repeat the arguments of other Members who have been called in their absence, and they may henceforward also be accused of failing in their duty. If they plan to keep silent they are faced with another problem—is it better to listen to a debate in which they will take no part or to snatch another half hour in the library to deal with correspondence from their constituencies? What impresses me most about Parliament is less the number of speeches in the Chamber than the number of letters piled in front of Members in the library.

How can we restore the "dignity" about which Cripps is rightly worried? The answers depend in part upon the Government, in part upon those who arrange the business of the House, and in part upon the general public. Give us new Members who are chosen by the electors and not by the party bosses. Cancel the tradition that certain Members, because of their rank in a party or their services in the past, have a priority right to speak. Some unofficial committee meetings are very valuable, but ban them while the House itself is actually in session. At the end of each important ministerial declaration adjourn the sitting for an hour so that we can feed or reflect, or both. Remember that the M.P. who is most useful to the nation or to his constituents is not necessarily the M.P. who listens to the greatest number of speeches. And, lastly, don't accuse us in one breath of wasting time in talk and in the next of failing in our duty if we keep silent.

VERNON BARTLETT

APPEAL TO IRELAND

[Miss Hinkson is a daughter of Katharine Tynan and herself a well-known Irish writer.]

A HEAVY responsibility rests on all who make public comment on the recent Belfast tragedies—the shooting of a policeman and the following execution of a 19-year-old boy—lest by any misunderstood word they could share the appalling responsibility for the possible enaction of further similar tragedies. I write as one deeply conscious of that burden to draw attention to the most urgent question now. How are the deaths of future Constable Murphys and future Thomas Williams alike to be averted?

The recent article by Mr. R. M. Fox in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION presents the execution of Thomas Williams out of its context. That unhappy Belfast Easter Sunday when Constable Murphy was killed was not a day standing by itself but a page of a tragic chapter.

The pity that was expressed in the pleas for mercy for the men responsible, that came from those most opposed to political violence, was aroused by their extreme youth; the fact that there was no premeditated murder; and, in Williams's case, that while he took the blame as leader of the party, it seems established that he could not have fired the fatal shot. Of these six men, two, including Williams, were A.R.P. Wardens—his obituary notices included one from his A.R.P. district—a third, Cordner, was also an A.R.P. member and the son of a soldier killed at the Dardanelles, with a brother now in the British Army. Williams's father had been a British soldier in the last war. These young men, shouldering the duties of Belfast citizens against German bombs, admitted also to belonging to the I.R.A., an organisation at war with the Eire and British Governments alike, of which the extreme wing is fostered by Germany with the object of destroying both Governments and Ireland; an organisation illegal in Eire and banned by the Catholic Church to its members; a prohibition of which the young men of Ireland are frequently reminded from pulpits. None of this makes sense. There appeared to be little conviction behind their I.R.A. membership. Perry said: "I had no intention of shooting anyone. I do not approve of taking human life. I am very sorry for Constable Murphy." The Northern Nationalist M.P.s reported that each of the men "avows that the death of the constable was wholly unpremeditated by him and sorrows for his decease with heartfelt compassion and anguish." Williams received a tribute from the Prison Governor for his behaviour and died bravely, deeply religious and believing that he was dying for Ireland. How can such young men be taught that if they fire revolvers, sooner or later they are bound to kill someone and that that is not serving Ireland but helping to destroy her?

It has been advanced that the raids on Nationalist homes and the methods of the Ulster Constabulary have provoked these maddened answers, and no one who knows the extreme bitterness of the North will deny that there are likely to be wrongs on both sides when blood is hot and guns are out and that then the minority, opposed to the Government, are likely to get the worst of it. The Northern situation has been complicated by the state of war, but the fierceness of Belfast riots was a tale in a pre-last-war world.

There is a tendency in Ireland, due to historic associations—in the case of an execution linked with a political issue, where that is of an Irishman by a Government other than that of Eire—for the natural pity evoked to swing immediately to unreasoning admiration and hero-worship, even among people who have previously condemned the act causing it. The execution is then treated as an event by itself, and the causes that led to it and the necessary attempt to remedy these and ensure non-recurrence are liable to be completely forgotten. The public manifestation of these feelings has obvious effect on other young men, thereby encouraged to take the same terrible path. The comments in this case have been more restrained than on previous occasions. But the headlines of *The Irish News*, the Northern Nationalist organ, on the day following the sorrowful execution must have delighted the extreme Orangemen. The prominent announcement appeared: "*The day was kept by all Catholics throughout Ireland as a day of mourning*," a statement as untrue as it was irresponsible. The implication being clearly political, a day of national mourning for a national hero, a very different thing from pity. The unpardonable use of the religious indication, with such disregard of truth and grave consequences, is typical of the difficulties confronting those who struggle for peace and good will and clear thinking in Ireland.

During this time the Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, an outspoken critic of the Northern Government, has given a clear lead in his denunciation of political crime, both on an earlier occasion when a prison warder was murdered in the street, and in this case, when he condemned the crime while pleading for Christian mercy for the boys responsible.

Within a week of the execution a boy of 16 was arrested for firing a revolver in a Belfast street and in Eire a Detective Sergeant of the Eire police was deliberately murdered at his own gate by men armed with a tommy gun and revolvers. The Eire Government has offered a reward of £5,000 for the arrest of the murderers, and the Government organ in a leader declared that "the taking of life of any servant of the State and people is a public crime which strikes at the foundations of order and all organised liberty." The Northern situation is complicated by the non-recognition of the Stormont Government by many of the minority. This attitude receives considerable support in the South, which works in a circle, producing repercussions in Ulster.

This is not the first political crime of recent years in Eire, where a native Government keeps many men in internment camps, holds frequent trials for arms possession, and has recently—with the minimum of publicity, under rigorous Censorship—executed men, one for killing a policeman while resisting arrest. The sternest Emergency Powers and Special Courts have been established to deal with the situation, which cannot be ascribed here to the provocation of the Northern Government's methods and forces the question, how has it been produced and how can it be altered?

A liberal Ulsterman said to me that two generations of right education were needed on both sides of the Border to bring about a peaceful United Ireland. Eire needs one generation of the young brought up free of the shadow of the gun and political violence, one generation educated without the teaching of hate. I believe that these men of North and South (all native Catholic Irishmen) who have died recently, and the boys who are now in penal servitude, are alike the victims of a bitter and irresponsible teaching which perpetuates the evil effect of a past terrible history. This has produced a habit of political violence of action and mind in Ireland—the former revealed in the disregard for human life if the taking of it can be linked to a political issue, the latter revealed often in people, gentle otherwise, who would not use physical violence themselves but may influence others to do so—which contrasts strangely with opposing gentle aspects of Irish life. There is no country where there is less crime outside political and agrarian outrages, where life not involved in these issues is safer, where women's honour is safer and property safer. But fan the always smouldering fires of political bitterness, and by those flames Ireland's eyes are blinded to pity.

The overbrooding on past darkness is all pervading: in the education of the young, with its effect on the delicate forming minds, in public speeches, the popular press, the radio, in much Irish fiction. In this teaching, history and Ireland are taken out of their context, with no balancing comparative pictures of standards and events in other countries at the time described. It has produced a sickness of bitterness and the introverted Irish mind clings to the sickroom atmosphere when the need for it is long over and light and health wait outside. Lately the National Teachers' Congress passed a resolution regarding the teaching of Irish history, stating that too much stress was laid on past destruction and too little on Ireland's constructive and healing services to the world, an indication of the most urgent need, and a recognition of it from a hopeful source.

Words are used in Ireland as irresponsibly and with as little thought of their consequences as the guns and explosives they often set in action. Some of the public comments on the Partition issue, demanding an abolition of that "wrong" without a suggestion of a necessary contribution from the Southern side, have been particularly dangerous and have had their effect. Men—and women—speak and write wild words, likely to send unbalanced young men to join the I.R.A., and once in it they are trapped, since escape is likely to be followed by vengeance from the organisation. I ask for mercy from this teaching for the young men of Ireland before it is too late. The Northern Government has tried to stamp out the results of it by hanging Thomas Williams, the Eire Government by executions also. But is there not another way—prevention better than cure, by a different education? There are weapons now to be used—for life instead of death—bought with men's lives. The "compassion" that the Belfast prisoners feel for the man they killed might be spread through Ireland to make such another happening impossible. And all who asked for mercy in this case are bound by that act to show the same measure of mercy that they ask and do all in their power to prevent any of it happening again.

I write this in England where in addition to the homes left sonless by the fighting casualties, 46,000 civilians have been killed, and I know that I may be accused of a lack of sense of proportion in my concern for these few lives in a world stricken by death. But it is the manner of them that stirs one's pity for these among so many dying and the tragic meaning of it for the future. Ireland is in danger now of using her history to strangle herself and the lives of her young, at a time when her position amid the agony of other nations should be a uniquely fortunate one. She cries for one generation to be brought up in light instead of the darkness of the past, one generation that will not have played with guns, explosives or dangerous words, educated to construction instead of destruction. Responsibility is the key word that is lacking in the education that has produced the present situation in Eire and across the Border. These things could not happen if there was a clear teaching and acceptance of the fact that a political crime is a crime, whether committed by Irishmen in England, Northern Ireland, or Eire.

Is this last page to be the continuation or the end of the unhappy chapter? Only the public conscience of all Ireland can answer that question, which involves in responsibility every Irish man and woman with power to influence public thought; and on that answer, the future of Ireland and the fate of Ireland's young men depend.

PAMELA HINKSON

Before You Move !

The demand for this paper greatly exceeds the supply. If you are moving make sure of your copy in the new district before cancelling your order in the old. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE NEED FOR RESPONSIBILITY IN POWER

No one whose business it is to watch the process of government can fail to be impressed by the poison of power. Its effects are felt not merely at the apex of the pyramid; there is hardly a level of action to which it does not penetrate. The real case against the Nazis is that they have broken down, all over the world, the bridges which civilisation has so painfully erected between power and responsibility. They have, thereby, given what is most evil in human nature its supreme opportunity of self-expression by minimising its prospect of being called to account. Never has the revelation been so stark of the danger of irresponsible power.

That danger is so clear in the Nazi system that we tend, I think, to underestimate its more subtle influence with ourselves. For it is important that we should realise the degree to which the tested criteria of responsibility are suspended under our present regime. Coalition government means more than the suspension of normal opposition in the House of Commons. It means more, even, than that agreement between the party machines which prevents the intervention of an effective public opinion in Parliament. In a crisis such as ours, where secrecy is of the essence of action, coalition government breeds dangers we can easily overlook because, in theory, the forms of responsibility are preserved. Action tends to be taken, policy tends to be formed, without being measured by the acid test of that effective public examination of its results it is the whole purpose of the Parliamentary system to secure. Ministers operate in a realm so screened from the public view that the twilight world in which they come to dwell fails to provide the atmosphere of responsibility, the maintenance of which is the secret of free government. For it is disastrous to any society when forms are kept from which the inner and effective substance has departed.

The application of this argument to the position of the Churchill Government becomes more significant with each new phase of the war. No one pretends to know exactly how the Cabinet works, whether, indeed, in the classic sense, there is a Cabinet at all. That Parliament is dissatisfied with both the personnel of the administration and the machinery through which policy is made is a matter of common knowledge; but there is, it appears, no method available by which that dissatisfaction can be expressed without a threat to the unity of the nation which no one desires. Mr. Churchill builds upon the absence of that method, with the result that the main preoccupation even of his friends is discussion of the ways and means by which they can influence his mind. Direct challenge is impossible; for the information upon which alone it could be made effective cannot be revealed without aiding the enemy. Personal contact is rare save for those who do not compel the Prime Minister to the fatigue of high argument; for he has reached that dizzy eminence where a request for the re-examination of his promises of action is regarded by him as factious opposition. Most public approach is devoid of influence, since neither the press nor the wireless is able, save in the rarest instances, to create that climate of opinion in which defeat is the price he must pay for inattentiveness. In the result we have reached a stage where none of the normal instruments by which our system enforces responsibility upon a Prime Minister is able to function to its appointed end.

This can, I think, be seen in a number of ways. It is evident in the field of policy. The Second Front, a single strategy for the United Nations, the refusal to permit any "controversial" questions to be discussed, the absence of any approach to coherence in our political warfare, on all these Mr. Churchill's view prevails, not because it has passed through the classic channels of criticism and emerged supreme therefrom, but precisely because it is his view and will not, therefore, be submitted to those channels for examination. It is evident in the field of appointments, both in the defence realm and the civilian. We see General Wavell move from one command to another; we see General Auchinleck a great soldier in one month and on the shelf in the next; Ministers go and come, like Lord Moyne, upon principles of choice which, whatever their validity, are never given public explanation. Powerful criticism is offered by men whose experience, like that of Lord Hankey, of the machinery of government is profound; the answer to the criticism amounts to little more than Mr. Churchill's affirmation that he prefers his own methods to the alternatives proposed. No one thinks of his colleagues as men thought of Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Milner, or Mr. Balfour in the last war; they are *ersatz* colleagues to whom some special task is allotted, rather than minds which are pooled with Mr. Churchill's mind, so that the vital questions before us are looked at by a body of men whom he must convince before he decides. His position has become that of an American President rather than a British Prime Minister, with the additional strength that comes from the fact that he has a submissive legislature at his disposal.

No one needs to be told either that Mr. Churchill has no rival for the Premiership or that he symbolises, as no other man, the nation's faith in ultimate victory. But the system of government he has brought into being is bound, on the evidence, to give rise to doubt of its fitness for the task it is called upon to perform. It is not merely that it has neither great victories nor great measures to its credit. What is not less important is that the technique of its construction centralises overwhelming power in a single person without the creation of those checks upon its exercise which make its responsibility a matter arising out of the technique itself, and not a matter dependent upon the personality of the man who uses the technique. That this is so becomes evident in each new critical phase of the war. We do not find that the lessons of the previous phase have been learned. We do not see the old mistakes avoided. We do not find those massive adaptations made for which past blunders seem to call. The new men who replace those Mr. Churchill discards, whether in defence or civil policy, become rapidly indistinguishable from the old; it is difficult now to remember that, six months ago, the entrance of Sir Stafford Cripps into the War Cabinet was hailed as the prelude to large-scale innovation. The War Cabinet, indeed, seems, apart from the Prime Minister, to have little meaning either for the mind or the heart of the country.

The Government, in a word, is not a team of colleagues considering a problem which, however vast, is still a single problem; it is a complex network of committees, some of which refer their matters to Mr. Churchill and some of which he directly and personally controls. Their relevance to him is set in part by his decision to be our main strategic architect, and in part by the fact that, every so often, the handling of some problem, production, for example, or coal, arouses sufficient public controversy as to compel his attention. Nothing in the system suggests that it is an organic whole working to a unified plan; and it has failed to achieve that wholeness because there is no coherent relation between Mr. Churchill and Parliament, on the one hand, or Mr. Churchill and the general public on the other. The first has become his Privy Council, tempered by occasional threats of a rebellion he knows will not mature; his responsibility to it, accordingly, is merely a matter of rhetorical form. The second has become the unseen audience of those superb orations which Mr. Churchill has substituted for the great statutes we had looked for after Mr. Attlee's dramatic Order of May, 1940. But, so long as the party machines are in agreement, Mr. Churchill is not responsible to that audience. Only an occasional flash of temper at a by-election reminds him that it is there. He is responsible only to himself and to the muse of history. But the verdicts of Clio upon the work of one generation are rarely rendered until its successor has begun to perceive its mistakes.

I venture the opinion that a drastic change is required in this system. War, it is said, is too serious a matter to leave to the generals; but that is because the enforcement of responsibility for their decisions is a matter which only civilian control can provide. In the same way, a democracy that is fighting for its life needs to make the public opinion which is the central source of its strength in a position to control the activities of its Prime Minister. That is not our position to-day. Mr. Churchill has made Parliament a pale phantom of its real self; and he has reduced the major political parties to incoherent groups of bewildered onlookers who, because they are afraid to strike, are compelled by the nature of events to refrain from an attempt to wound. In this situation the Cabinet itself is less a policy-making organ the Prime Minister must carry with him than a discreet series of agents through whom he effects his purposes. The thoughts of the public cannot in an organised way penetrate to him; rather does he rely on the selective views of the Ministry of Information for his insight into those thoughts. But that reliance, because its basis is selective, means that Mr. Churchill mostly hears what he wants to hear. So placed, the decisions he makes derive too much from within himself and too little from the material situation outside. Not until we have given back to public opinion the means of effective self-expression will this defect be remedied, and the means to remedy it lies in making Parliament again the critical organ it was until the Narvik debate. Were that to occur, the faith and resolution which have made Mr. Churchill's leadership so remarkable would be strengthened rather than weakened. For it would make his immense power operate in an atmosphere of effective responsibility, which is the vital condition of wisdom and foresight in its exercise.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A LONDON DIARY

ENOUGH has now been published about the Dieppe raid to make some comment possible. First, the naval news was cheering; no one had thought a large naval force could stand off so long or so near the French Coast with so little loss. Secondly, the air results were good and important. Though the British air losses were considerable, the figure of 182 German aircraft damaged meant that somewhere about one-third of the total German air strength in France was knocked out; if such raids could be repeated at frequent intervals the effects would be felt in Stalingrad, where the Germans seem to manage a colossal concentration of aircraft. Note, thirdly, that these German planes would never have risen from their hiding places to be shot down had there not been a landing party of some strength with the aircraft. The Germans seem able to ignore "sweeps." The landing was "expensive"; the casualty list of Canadians, killed, wounded and prisoners, is high for the size of the operation. It was, of course, the most difficult type of operation imaginable—a frontal attack from the sea on a fortified town is never considered healthy and the complaint I have heard, I do not know with what justice, was that the raid could have been carried out more successfully and with much less loss on neighbouring beaches. But then the particular lessons the Command wanted to learn might not have been learnt.

* * *

By way of confirming the worst suspicions of their American and other critics the Government of India has refused the Bishop of Calcutta's request to see Gandhi. Dr. Foss Westcott is no pacifist or follower of Gandhi; he is the Metropolitan of India and he is one of those who holds that it is better to fight the Japanese on the same side as the Indians rather than to have a civil war on at the same time. Accounts of American opinion—very careful reports have been published in several British papers this week—agree that there is the utmost concern in New York and Washington about Mr. Churchill's speech. The quotations are not from the Hearst newspapers but from the *New York Times* and other responsible papers which see that the situation in India is worse than the British public is allowed to know, and that as long as the Government of India is given a free hand by Churchill and Amery the effective defence of India may be seriously hampered. I doubt if a single informed person in any of the three continents concerned accepts Mr. Churchill's suggestion that the leaders of Congress worked to aid the Japanese. But the fact that overwhelms any student of this Indian situation is that all the Indian parties and leaders, including Nehru and Azad, Hindu and Moslem, Jinnah of the Muslim League and Mookerjee of the Mahasabhas, the Communist Party of India and the Indian Christians—all of them demand a National Government. People here should see that Indians want to fight their own war, not Mr. Churchill's. Very odd indeed if some of the leaders of British Labour do not respond to the appeal of Mr. Joshi, the highly respected and moderate leader of the All-India Trade Unions and a member of the Central Assembly. Why not ask Rajagopalachari to have a shot at forming this independent government and give him full support and facilities to negotiate it?

* * *

"Holidays at home" propaganda, which is a by-product of transport shortage, has worked out very unequally, not only for different sorts of persons, but also in different parts of the country. Two months ago a friend of mine travelled from London to the Highlands. She had a third-class sleeping compartment—four bunks—to herself as far as Stirling; and a third-class carriage to herself from Stirling to Oban. On the other hand the trains from London to the West have throughout been packed to bursting. I think there is still a question whether docking holidays to a week or a fortnight in the year has been good policy. Men and women in the Forces do well enough; they lead healthy lives. But in Government offices, especially among the keen type of wartime civil servant and among factory workers, in many places one sees faces grey with constant fatigue. Yesterday I heard an able and keen Government servant say: "We're getting too near the limit of our nervous energy in my department. Chaps I can absolutely rely on for steadiness and tact suddenly break out into the most disastrous scenes: they are so tired they just can't keep their nerve and temper." In the long run these factors count.

* * *

On my desk I have a large well-printed and illustrated journal called *British Ally*. It is written in Russian on expensive paper and published in Moscow. I know that great difficulties were experienced in producing it, and I agree with those who have carried this project through that there should be in Russia an account of the British war effort comparable with *Soviet War News*, published here. But *British Ally* is not comparable. I was wondering how its boost of Britain would seem in Russia to-day, when I read in the *News Chronicle* on Wednesday Paul Winterton's dispatch from Moscow, in which he declared that in view of the bitter feelings among the Russian troops about the absence of a second front, this paper would seem only "an incredible demonstration of British insularity and egotism." I am sorry for the journalists who produced this paper, but I fear that Paul Winterton must be right.

* * *

The struggle for position in the post-war world is now crystalising round the topic of education. The implications of the second part of the Conservative Education Committee's Report, which dealt with the training and toughening of youth, was so clear that the *Manchester Guardian* spoke of its proposal to train a race of "militant apes." Meanwhile, on the opposite wing the inspiration of Russia is helping to create a well-organised and ardent body of Communist Youth. If the Labour Party complains, the remedy is in its own hands. Some Socialists will insist on being serious about their Socialism. By way of an academic counter to the Fascist tendencies in the Conservative Party, I have before me a remarkable letter signed by 23 leading scientists, many of them with F.R.S. after their names, who condemn the privileged conception of Society enshrined in our Public Schools, and who urge that the purposes of science, like the schools which teach it, must be related to the common purposes of a democratic society. This letter has been printed in *Nature*.

* * *

The correspondent who thinks that the story of the grand lady who asked American soldiers to Sunday lunch is an authentic account of a recent event in England is, I think, mistaken. I heard it a good time ago. But it is worth its place on paper, authentic or not. Once upon a time, they say, this lady, who thought it would look like doing her bit to include some soldiers among her Sunday guests, wrote to the Colonel inviting six of his men. She added to the invitation, "No Jews, please." On Sunday six Americans duly arrived. They were quite black. Horrified, the grand lady said: "I think there must be some mistake." "Oh, no, ma'am," said the spokesman of the negroes, "Colonel Cohen no make any mistakes."

* * *

H. J. Laski will be writing the "London Diary" for the next four weeks.

CRITIC

STERLING VALUES

["It is important to base our actions on the prospect of a long war. The decisive factor will be the maintenance of the spirit of the people which depends on keeping a sound financial front."—LORD KINDERSLEY, September 18th.]

If Britain hold fast
Till the war cloud has passed,
  Or adventure on desperate chances,
Our will to resist
Will only persist
  Through the soundness of British finances.

Essential supplies
Are obtained from Allies
  By means of beneficent barter,
So a huge foreign debt
Will not have to be met,
  As implied in the relevant Charter.

It is clear as the day
We are keeping at bay
  The spectre of money inflation.
Though notes may be printed
In billions unstinted
  Designed for home front circulation.

Our credit will stand
Every wartime demand
  If we husband our mighty resources,
But it could not sustain
A superfluous strain
  Like extravagant pay for the forces.

By management sound
Enough will be found
  For maximum all-out production,
But we cannot consent
Funds be borrowed or lent
  For reckless post-war reconstruction.

With savings secure,
We are steeled to endure,
  No matter how high we are tested,
And our fight for the free
Has the State guarantee
  That our earnings are safely invested.

Our standing financial
Is firm and substantial
  And our pace is unflagging, though leisurely,
While our pounds and our pence
Go in bonds for defence
  And our soul is laid up in the Treasury.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Marion Robey.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"Liverpool Chamber of Commerce complained that women would be 'compelled to go out in the black-out and fight fires with strange men.'"—*News Chronicle.*

Officer wishes lessons in card tricks and advanced ballroom dancing in evenings. State terms. Also wishes to meet dancing partner under 5ft. 7ins., and over 30 years.—*Essex County Standard.*

Sir James Marchant, one of the Salvage chiefs, in a speech in London to-day, gave as an example of wanton extravagance the case of a woman who confessed before the Birthrate Commission that she had 90 nightgowns, each scented with a different perfume to please her husband.—*Liverpool Echo.*

READY NOW: Highly pedigreed Great Dane pups. This strain is specially bred for size. They are fearless, *Haters of all Non-Europeans.* Advert. in "*Cape Argus*" (S. African daily.)

JAMAICA

[The author of this article is a Jamaican, now resident in this country.]

For decades the closed bureaucracy which administers the colonies has been playing fast and loose with the reputation of the British people. The British electorate remains in almost complete ignorance of what is being done until a crisis arises in one or other of the Colonies. Now, for instance, it is clear that its attention is going to be turned to unhappy events in Jamaica, as well as in India, unless constructive action is taken. There is ample justification for complaint by the majority of the people, and ever since 1937 there have been obvious signs of discontent.

The average earnings of the labouring classes in Jamaica before the war was estimated by a reliable authority to be somewhere in the region of 3s. per week. At that time the island was more prosperous than it had been for many a year. The normal quota of food for most of the people is as follows: breakfast at between 5 and 6 a.m., half a pint of warm water with a tablespoon of sugar dissolved in it; lunch at or about midday, consisting of a plate of boiled rice and red peas with a morsel of fried salted cod for flavouring, and possibly a corn-meal cake or two or a piece of roasted bread fruit. This is usually the last meal of the day, though some fortunate ones are able to afford another mug of sugar and water at dusk. In the country parts it is common to find a man, his wife and anywhere from four to eight children living in a single room constructed of mud walls on a wooden frame with a thatched roof and having for a floor the bare earth. The furniture in most cases consists of a few wooden boxes. In the towns conditions are much the same, except that the houses are usually dilapidated wooden shacks with a roof of corrugated iron sheeting. Very often there are no sanitary conveniences and no kitchens. In the towns such bathing as is possible is done under a single tap, and in the country in the nearest stream. In both cases cooking is usually done in an old paraffin tin supported on three large stones over a fire laid in the open yard. These conditions certainly apply to more than 80 per cent. of the population.

These people speak English; quite a number of them can read it, too; they all see the more fortunate members of the community wearing decent clothes, driving cars and enjoying good food. This describes accurately the living conditions before the war of the majority of the people in Jamaica.

Jamaica, in common with the rest of the world, is suffering the repercussions of war. Owing to the shortage of ships, exports and imports have shrunk almost to the vanishing points. An island, never very happy economically, finds itself faced with acute food shortage, breakdown of internal transport and increasing unemployment. Owners of banana plantations are unable to export the fruit they grow, and sugar estates are producing more sugar than can be carried in the few ships available. As a result plantation and estate labourers are finding employment more and more difficult to obtain; and among dock workers and those normally engaged in the building trades, unemployment is now probably as high as 80 per cent.

The island has never produced enough food for its own requirements; large quantities of meat and butter used to come from New Zealand, cod fish and flour from Canada and peas from the United States. With the exception of meat and butter, these foods constitute the major portion of the diet of the poor. The distribution of yam, yampey breadfruit and other foods grown locally is now quite inadequate, owing to the shortage of petrol. There are only two main railway lines in the country: one runs for a hundred miles diagonally across the island from Kingston to Montego Bay; the other across the width of the island from Kingston to Port Antonio. Before the war these railway lines carried a portion of the bananas and sugar from collecting depots to Kingston for shipment abroad. But most of the transport was by lorry, and even that portion which went by rail was collected by lorries operating in the mountain districts and brought by them to the nearest railway station. East of Kingston there is no railway at all; the whole of this district was previously served by lorries. The same is true of the south-west part of the island. No adequate store of petrol was built up during the early months of the war when such a thing was possible. Now the whole transport system waits upon the spasmodic arrival of tankers.

The whole economy of the island is founded upon large estates producing sugar, bananas, coconuts and to a lesser extent ginger and coffee. Not until the Jamaica banana producers association came along was any encouragement given to the "small settler," and then he was encouraged to grow bananas for export rather than a variety of foods for local consumption. The result of this policy was, first, to make the majority of the population dependent upon employment on the large estates, rather than to encourage a peasant proprietorship, and secondly to make the island much more dependent on imported food than it need have been. The people of this agricultural island are not good farmers, and there is a shortage of food.

It is impossible to devise a food rationing scheme for Jamaica based on equal sacrifice because even the normal diet of the poor would seem to the upper classes unbearably meagre, and a dual system with one ration for one class and a lower ration for another obviously would not be tolerated. The Government is trying to combat the food shortage by a campaign for local production. All owners of more than 100 acres of land are now required by law to plant a minimum acreage in certain food crops, and certain arrangements have been made for credit through loan banks and the Loan Societies Board. All food grown under this scheme is bought by Government at fixed prices. This is an improvement on the laissez-faire attitude of the past, but it is still only scratching at the surface of the problem.

Praedial larceny has increased with the shortage of food and employment, and the Government has recently issued an order under the Defence Regulations making whipping the penalty for the first offence. The introduction of severe methods of repression at the present time seems most ill-advised. Colour and class conflict are on the increase. There have been a number of cases where women of the middle and upper class have been assaulted by snatch thieves in broad daylight. Quite recently a young business man (white) of the well-to-do class fell from his motor cycle while trying to avoid a crowd of people in the street. He hit his head and lay unconscious on the ground. No one in the crowd attempted to help him, and when he was discovered some time later by his gardener, who happened to be passing that way, the people in the crowd said they had not helped him because white men's troubles were not their concern. This is an isolated instance, and probably an extreme example, but it is nevertheless indicative of the general trend of feeling. Are conditions in Jamaica going to be allowed to deteriorate until rioting and looting break out or are enlightened methods of political and economic reform going to be adopted immediately? The people of Britain should be informed of the facts; there can be little doubt as to which course they will direct their Government to pursue, whatever the difficulties, whatever the cost.

It is not difficult to define the general pattern which the remedy must follow. First, employment must be found for everyone. The time when this could be left to private enterprise is past. The Government must undertake at once large-scale productive schemes. Land must be taken over on whatever basis is considered equitable and the people must be put to work on it at a regular weekly wage. Housing schemes must be undertaken at once with whatever local building materials are available. There is nothing wrong with mud as a building material as a temporary measure so long as rooms are in sufficient number and of adequate size. A thatched roof, as every Englishman knows, can be not only serviceable but pleasing to the eye as well. Sanitary conveniences of a primitive type present no problem at all. Re-afforestation is a crying need. Terracing of the hillsides must be undertaken soon to save the fertile top soil which is day by day being washed down into the rivers. There is unlimited scope for agricultural education and elementary education, too. The island abounds with streams, and there are vast areas in need of irrigation. At least some of this work can be done without imported pipes; water is now carried long distances in trenches.

The money for these enterprises presents no problem, since nearly all of it will be spent internally. All that is necessary is a Government guarantee to promote the necessary confidence and stability. The value for which the people can exchange the money they earn is food, shelter and land; if there is any surplus the Government must absorb it by borrowing. Imported values such as manufactured goods must remain in short supply until re-establishment of normal shipping permits the resumption of foreign trade in both directions. But in the meantime there is no reason why jam and marmalade cannot be manufactured locally and sold in jars made of glazed clay. Coastwise shipping can be developed by the use of wooden ships and, if satisfactory sails cannot be made of wood, then the small amount of canvas needed can be put on the priority list of imports. This is an important item, since it would help to relieve unemployment among the dock workers. As far as overland transport is concerned, much could be done by taking a census of the donkeys and mules in the island and organising a primitive relay animal transport system.

Preparation for political advancement could well be begun by organising village committees under a central authority to direct and report on the various activities.

And with all this should go extensive propaganda telling the people what is being done, why it is being done and how. The phrases "your village," "your land," "your island," should be used as frequently as possible, and they should be given real meaning. But all these obvious constructive remedies wait upon the enlightenment of Colonial administration.

ANTHONY BIRAC.

GRAND PASSION

PAUSING at a bookstall the other day, I saw a weekly paper entitled *Stamp Collecting*; and, as I had once in a small way been a zealot in the collecting of stamps, a wave of nostalgia swept over me and, putting down threepence, I carried the paper off to see how far the world of a child philatelist of the eighties and early nineties had survived into the world of to-day.

Those who have never collected stamps do not realise that philately is not a hobby but a passion. What the sounding cataract was to Wordsworth, that the sight of a sheet of stamps, sent on approval, was to me as a small boy at Miss Hardy's school. To read the advertisements of the stamp-dealers in the *Boy's Own Paper* was to have dreams as dazzling as those of the men who set out to discover the Indies. There was always something unattainable, or almost so, in the wide world of stamps. No schoolboy with a few pennies in his pocket could expect to become the easy possessor of a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope. (Cape of Good Hope! The very name was a match to the imagination.) Then there was a black—or was it a blue?—Mauritius, reputed to be even rarer than the three-cornered Cape of Good Hope. I remember a fellow-schoolboy's offering to sell me one for sixpence as a bargain, but, enthusiast and simpleton though I was, I could see that his supposed rarity was merely an English penny stamp inked over to give it an appearance of antiquity. In later life he made a fortune in business.

But it was not only the rarities among stamps that excited the imagination. The long Western Australia stamps, bearing the image of a swan, were lovelier even than the coloured pictures given away with Christmas supplements. The Egyptian stamps portraying the Sphinx were common enough, but the eye dwelt on them meltingly. I felt especial pangs of love for the stamps of the West Indies and Central and South America. The name of Ecuador was music, and Guatemala and Nicaragua were its close rivals. Then there were Barbados and Montserrat. Montserrat sounded like the name of a perfect wine, and indeed, when I began to go into public houses in my teens, I asked for it several times till I found that it was the name only of a lime juice cordial.

There was scarcely such a thing, however, as a dull stamp apart from the commonest English, French and German varieties with which the stamp dealers were so liberal in their packets of "50 stamps assorted" for a shilling and a penny.

To see a stamp that one did not possess was to be filled with a craving almost physical—a craving such as even many adults experience for the cakes at somebody else's table in a teashop. I do not know whether people steal stamps, but I can understand the temptation. Some people steal jewels—according to the writers of sensational stories—from the heads of West African idols. I should have been more likely to succumb to the English black penny stamp. Fortunately, I gave up stamp-collecting at an age at which my criminal tendencies were only half developed.

In those days one could dream of having a perfect stamp-collection and of possessing all the stamps in existence since the time of the Mulready envelope. All one needed was unlimited money or the gifts of a master-thief with unrivalled opportunities. Since then, stamps have become so numerous that it must be almost impossible to overtake their multiplicity. Reading the names of the varieties offered for sale by the advertisers in *Stamp Collecting*, I felt like the æsthete who had dined too well and who, as he looked at the stars in the night sky on the way home, murmured: "There are too many of them." A Victorian does not feel at ease in a world in which a stamp-collector is enticed to buy with such announcements as "Coronations. Rising Rapidly! Buy now! Save money!" and is offered something called "Coronation sets" issued by Basutoland, the Falkland Islands, Nauru, Nyasaland and the Virgin Islands. We had no Coronation sets in our days. Stamps were there for letters, not for occasions.

To-day, however, the stamp of occasion, once rare, seems to have become the rule. We read, for example:

> The Allied occupation of *Iceland* has given fresh impetus to the demand for this by no means unpopular country. The air stamps in particular are worth watching, and the fine used copies should be picked up "at best." I also fancy S.G. Nos. 307–310, 311 and 312–314.

After this we are told, as though we were getting a tip for a horse-race:

> *Liberia* is not everyone's "cup of tea," but for those who are interested in this somewhat despised country, the last commemorative (set Nos. 358–360) should be attractive, in fine used condition.

When I was a stamp-collector every stamp was everybody's "cup of tea," and there was no such thing as a "despised country." The collector's attitude to stamps seems to have turned topsy-turvy in the last fifty years.

As a child I should not have understood such an announcement as that made under the heading "Recent Realisations":

	£	s.	d.
Great Britain, Edinburgh and Leith, official notices and a rouletted (½*d.*) black used on cover	6	10	0
London Circular Delivery Co., official notices and a ½*d.* blue imperf.	3	0	0
Metropolitan, ½*d.* rose (pinholed) on entire cover	6	6	0

This puzzles me even to-day. I think I must have collected stamps at a time before stamp collecting had become scientific.

Possibly there was always a science of philately. I have just learned from the *New English Dictionary* that the word is an old one, and was first "proposed by M. Herpin, a postage-stamp collector, in *Le Collectioneur de Timbres Postes* (15 Nov. 1864)." The derivation, it is stated, is from the Greek "philo" and "ateleia," meaning "exemption from payment"; and the dictionary elaborates on this: "When a letter was carriage-free or carriage-prepaid by the sender, it was formerly in various countries stamped FREE or FRANCO; the fact is now indicated by the letter bearing an impressed receipt stamp, or its substitute an adhesive label commonly called a postage-stamp, for the amount." How incurious one is, never for fifty years to have asked oneself what was the origin of the word "philately"! Perhaps one's instinct told one that it was not a very good word. As long ago as 1881 the *Athenæum*, quoted in the Dictionary, wrote: "It is possibly a question whether the science should properly be called philately or timbrophily." And I feel that the stamp-collecting in which I myself indulged could be more accurately described as timbrophily.

The true philatelist, indeed, would never have been content with such a modest timbrophilic collection as mine, with its half-sized early Victorian halfpenny stamps and its cheap treasures from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. Even King George V, who was a Victorian like myself, seems to have been more of a philatelist than a timbrophile. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:

> The King has a great range of rare specimens, original sketches, proofs, etc., including the unissued 2*d.* Tyrian plum, King Edward, and stamps overprinted for use of Government departments such as "I.R. Official" 1902–04, 6*d.* dull purple, 5*s.* carmine, 10*s.* ultramarine and £1 green, and "Board of Education" 1*s.* green and carmine, in singles and in pairs.

Even in my most ambitious dreams I should never have aimed at including in my collection "Board of Education" 1*s.* green and carmine in singles and pairs. Newfoundland was good enough for me, or Spain with the head of the boy king.

Science, however, is always spreading its borders, and philately has never been content to keep within the old geographical frontiers. Explorers go in search of new rarities, like botanists in quest of new plants. How the philatelist's heart rises as he reads of the "so-called 'Reprints' of contemporary British Colonial stamps that are now making their appearance"! These, it seems, have the virtue of novelty, since they are printed on "thinner and whiter paper (through which the watermark shows clearly on the back)" and are provided with "a purer and whiter gum than has been hitherto used." Other important changes are shown in the illustrations of the reprints published in *Stamp Collecting*:

> Reference to the illustrations accompanying these notes will reveal that a new dandy-roll must have been brought into use in connection with the making of thinner paper. This is proved by a comparison of the shape of the letters C.A.; in the original type one leg of the letter "A" has a decided inward curve, whereas on the new dandy-roll both legs are symmetrical.

As I read sentences like these, I cannot help feeling that I was never more than an amateur, a preparatory schoolboy, of stamp-collecting. I can have experienced only a calf-love for it.

Not like these modern philatelists who are wedded to it for life—for better or for worse—the crown, surely, of a grand passion. Y. Y.

THE MOVIES

"This Above All," at the Plaza
"In Which we Serve," at the Gaumont
"Meet the Stewarts," at the Regal

Popular art in war-time is functional. It helps us to win or to forget. What we are winning, what it is we must forget, is left—together with general elections and State compensation—till after the war. Then the real war novels, war plays, war films begin to be made; in time to engender a pacifism that will have to be undone by the next onslaught. So it was with the "Great War."

Greater war has produced also better popular art. Not only is the war-winning or war-forgetful film likely, this time, to have merits of its own, but there is room for films that are realistic, deterrent or questioning. *This Above All* has a theme: the pacifist conflict that produces so many breakdowns and incompetences in war-time. Its hero, the ex-mechanic who deserts from the Army after experiencing Dunkirk, has his counterpart in civil servants who weave themselves cocoons for the duration, generals sitting at desks in Whitehall, bus conductors short of change and temper. The ex-mechanic (Tyrone Power) of *This Above All* comes back to an England of masters and Minivers, all doing their bit for an ivy-clad wall, and he rebels; he won't fight again. He meets a lesser rebel (Joan Fontaine), an A.T.S. girl out of the aristocratic flock; they fall in love and work out a compromise by which he goes back to the Army and she goes on scrubbing in the hope of a better society.

As a film, *This Above All* has faults which I am told do not appear in the novel by Eric Knight, from which it is taken. The glimpses of the upper classes aren't very credible (they should be granted, at any rate, more protective colouring); Mr. Power's artisan status, with a cloth cap, an American accent and money to chuck about, is rather unnecessarily baffling; the end comes too pat and conventional; and it is assumed, more or less, all along that sex can solve everything. Nevertheless, the film *has* a theme (which is rare), and the performances by Mr. Power and Miss Fontaine are unusually sympathetic.

Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* is a good, nearly a very good, film. It is true to its intention of telling the story of a destroyer, and it does this successfully for two hours without once requiring a "plot" of the type that usually disfigures such films. The sequences of the men abandoning ship (sunk off Crete), of three women in Portsmouth whose conversation ends when a bomb hits the house, of Mr. Coward himself, as captain, shaking hands with the survivors of his crew before they disperse to other stations: these moments are as brilliantly conveyed and as moving as anything I have seen in a cinema during the war. But *In Which We Serve* is far too long, too much centred upon Mr. Coward. How often we have to stare at those familiar features fronting the gales, bobbing up in the waters, while another dive bomber swoops over or another order has to be given from the captain's deck. Too many speeches to the crew, too many Christmas gatherings, and tear-jerks all in a row. *In Which We Serve* has not escaped the alloy of staginess—chiefly in the *Cavalcade* touch that make parts of the film a succession of sentimental occasions, and in the person of Mr. Coward himself. He has chosen to depict Captain "D" as a man always on duty who never

smiles. This doesn't suit Mr. Coward; and when the Captain's wife says, "What a disagreeable man I've married," one is inclined to agree. Captain "D"—except for some moments at the end—is a figure of pasteboard. Still, *In Which We Serve* ranks high. Mr. Bernard Miles gives a perfect performance as a petty officer, and Celia Johnson suggests skilfully how difficult must be life with Captain "D."

I enjoyed *Meet the Stewarts*, a modest little comedy about the horrors of getting married and living within one's income. He (William Holden) is practical and precise; she (Frances Dee) lavish and incompetent. They start in a bungalow with bare boards, no light and a pile of wedding presents; go on through abominable cooking and jealousy; and end happily by being bailed out of prison to start again. There is quite a charm in these misadventures, and the relatives, furniture men and taxi-drivers provide a gay background of scorn and pity. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Fauré and Ravel Concert at the Wigmore Hall

The second of three French concerts at the Wigmore Hall began with the first piano quartet of Fauré and ended with the Trio of Ravel: in between Miss Maggie Teyte sang a group of songs by each of these two composers. Her performance in Fauré has become a part of the original achievement of our time, and it seems impossible that these full and plain statements of regret should ever be better sung. Ravel remarked of one of the songs in Thursday's programme that one line from it could stand as epigraph to the whole—"et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau"; and this could stand equally for the enclosed perfection of the style with which Miss Teyte performed this group. In attacking the Trio of Ravel, Mr. Grinke and his associates shook themselves free of the Germanic procedure which had hampered their performance of Fauré, and gave in full measure the energy and assurance required in this work; they must indeed have done much to revalue this newly neglected composer. Ravel, though now mistakenly seen as a largely decorative composer, is on the contrary a classicist, a French-Basque in the same Latin tradition as the Mediterranean French Paul Valéry. Constantly in this trio one is aware of the prevalence over instinct and emotion of an intelligence of a high order; here and in the songs from *Klingsor* there was that complete individuality within the renewal of accepted forms for which Fauré strove and which Poulenc has since pursued. An evening (and a performance) of this quality must go to prove the universal validity of the French classical tradition; for this remains, as Gide once said, "a school of design for Europe and the world entire."

Correspondence

PROLONGATION OF PARLIAMENT

SIR,—I suppose it is a foregone conclusion that the Bill to extend for the third year in succession, and this time beyond the limit of the Septennial Act, the life of Parliament, which was announced recently in the House of Commons, will go through virtually unopposed. Yet this in no way answers or removes the very serious and weighty arguments for an election which were set out in your columns on June 6 last by Professor Laski (see his article "The Labour Conference and After") and indeed how can any serious Liberal approve a Bill which denies to the electors of this country that fundamental right of democracy, viz., to elect its own representatives, which not many months ago was exercised with most beneficial results in Australia?

The present House of Commons was elected in 1935 to support the Government of Mr. Baldwin when, in Mr. Laski's words, it received "a mandate which is almost fantastically remote from the issues" of to-day. Members, sent to Westminster to support a policy which is now universally execrated, can hardly be considered to represent the views held by the people now. It is true that the House supports the Prime Minister and the war policy of the Government, but unless Mr. Churchill is to obtain absolute power like a dictator, he should be subject to the criticism and the control of the House of Commons. But how can the House exercise this duty of criticism and control unless it in turn represents the people? If it be objected that in war-time democratic government is useless and should be abolished, the answer is that even in present conditions Parliamentary criticism has had beneficial results. For example, the Prime Minister was compelled to appoint a separate Minister for Production, and he was also compelled to take in to the Cabinet Sir Stafford Cripps to act as Deputy Prime Minister.

I have not space to consider the technical difficulties of an election, but any such could be overcome; and of course the election could be spread over a period of time like a municipal election. But, passing over questions of machinery, I think it is clear that unless we wish to copy in this island the absolutism of Germany, Spain and Italy, the people must recover control over the House in order that they may have a say not only in the conduct of the war, but also in the policy which will guide the peace.

C. DE B. MURRAY

6, Moray Place,
Edinburgh

ARMY PAY

SIR,—I was stung to disagreement when I read your remarks last week about the pay of unmarried newly-commissioned officers. I can give you a rough idea of personal figures, which may be typical for officers living in messes with moderate (not low) charges, for the period when I was 2/Lt.:

Monthly Pay (excluding any Fjeld and Travelling Allowances)	£16 15 0	appr.
Tax (second year of commission only)	£2 3 0	"
Messing (1s. 3d.–1s. 9d. per diem) + subscriptions and odd purchases)	£3 10 0	"
Average other expenditure, including leave	£5 0 0	
	£10 13 0	"

leaving a margin of £70–£80 per annum without any hardship whatsoever. The only stipulation is that expenditure on drinks has been small, and on tobacco nil. People to whom quantities of whisky and gin and cigarettes are (in a fashionable Staff phrase nowadays) a "Firm Requirement" naturally find it difficult to exist on 11s. a day. But whisky and gin drinkers normally have private means or a salary from a commercial firm! On the other hand, people on—e.g.—a gun site, probably getting 2s. per diem Field Allowance (though this is being restricted by the issue of a minimum of Army furniture) and messing for 6d., with few chances of spending money, must be £120–£150 up at the end of the year.

But what strikes me is the contrast between subaltern's pay and the pay to a new entrant into what is surely a more responsible and difficult post—the Administrative Grade of the C.S., where the opening salary is £275. And that needs a lot of scraping to save much on, living in London in digs. or flat, buying clothes (no uniform allowance), paying rail fares on leave, buying one's own rations, etc.; and *no* marriage and children's allowance. And this is the most lucrative and exalted position that many of us (at any rate, University men) dared to expect before the war! Most of the other jobs were at £200—a subaltern's pocket-money!

I rather suspect that complaints about officers' pay come mainly from ex-industrial and commercial folk. I'm always willing to welcome more pay—but wouldn't a better plan be to give extra post-war credits to us and to the ranks (and at the same time, as someone has suggested, pay the Yanks partly in post-war credits)?

FABER

Introducing James Joyce
Preface and Selection by T. S. ELIOT
This Sesame Book aims to show the continuity of Joyce's prose and the way one period leads to another. 3s. 6d.

Storm and Precipice
NEIL M. GUNN
A selection of his prose. A Sesame Book. 3s. 6d.

Dynamics in Psychology
WOLFGANG KOEHLER
Professor Koehler is doing perhaps more than anyone else in America to bring psychology to the status of an exact science. *With diagrams.* 8s. 6d.

Short Journey
E. L. WOODWARD
The autobiography of the famous Oxford Don and historian. 10s. 6d.

The Geeta
A new cheap edition of *The Geeta*, the gospel of The Lord Shree Krishna, translated from the original Sanskrit by Shree Swami Purohit. 7s. 6d.

FABER & FABER LTD

Music in Western Civilization
BY
PAUL H. LANG
The art of music is projected against the background of social history, and the various musical species are exhibited, not as isolated freaks, but as inevitable manifestations of certain conditions, dependent on precedent and environment, leading one to the other, and more often than not sowing the seeds of future offshoots. In 1,100 pages of reading there is scarcely a page on which points of the greatest interest and use do not arise. A gigantic work which is an impressive achievement.
With illustrations and maps.
36s. net
J. M. DENT AND SONS LIMITED
DENT

The Pulitzer Prize Winner
MARGARET LEECH
Reveille in Washington 1860-1865
"A panoramic spectacle . . . Miss Leech shows herself to be a brilliant stage producer . . . the picture of a people raised from unpreparedness to invincible energy. Is especially apropos." *News Chronicle.*
"The Civil War from a new angle . . . amazing, enthralling." *Western Morning News.*
"Told with care and with a broad human sympathy . . . popular history at a very high level." *Glasgow Herald.*
"A detailed and brilliant account . . . many vivid glimpses and excellent portraits." H.K. in *Punch.*
Fully illustrated. 18s. *net.*
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

PUBLICATION SEPTEMBER 30
The Circle of Life
KENNETH WALKER
The author follows up his *Diagnosis of Man* with an examination of the problems of disease, pain, suffering, old age and death
[7s 6d net]

The Greatest People *in the* World
FLYING OFFICER X
Stories of the men of Bomber Command, by a Flight Lieutenant who, in private life, is one of the best-known short story writers of the day [2s net]
JONATHAN CAPE
LIMITED

If you're chasing anomalies, one difficult to justify is the difference between Captain and Major—largely interchangeable men—whose pay is 16s. 6d. and 28s. 6d. a day respectively.

H. A. COPEMAN

THE BELFAST EXECUTIONS

SIR,—As an Ulsterman I am interested in the matters dealt with by Mr. Fox in your issue of September 12th. Like him, I regret the necessity for the execution in Belfast recently which followed the shooting of a policeman. I fail, however, to see that the case for the execution rested on any grounds other than the facts.

Williams was the self-confessed leader of the group of young men who fired on a police car. When cornered in a house, after a brief pursuit, he, according to the published accounts of the trial, fired the shots which killed the policeman, and confessed to having done so. Is it seriously suggested that this can be regarded as anything other than murder, with whatever political bias one may approach the matter?

Mr. Fox suggests that the firing of shots in N. Ireland is a mere playful demonstration. Has he heard of the recent shooting, from ambush, of a number of policemen at Clady, Co. Tyrone, in which two of them were killed? Was the haul of arms and munitions made just outside Belfast by the police recently, and which included numerous machine and sub-machine guns, rifles and revolvers, as well as 10 kegs of explosives, intended for similar playfulness? Such incidents could be multiplied in N. Ireland and in Eire.

If non-Irish readers are to appreciate the position, they must know something of its background. Northern Ireland has declared, at the polls, on many occasions its determination to maintain its position as part of the United Kingdom, and its refusal to be coerced into a united Ireland. This is, beyond doubt, the will of a substantial majority of its people. It is taking its full share in the war effort, providing the United Nations with valuable naval bases, and with ships, planes and other important war materials. It has no desire to share the neutrality of Eire, which, Mr. de Valera assures us, would not be affected even if Partition were abolished. Why, during a war for democratic objectives, should N. Ireland be coerced into a united Ireland?

Despite the will of the majority, a small group, the Irish Republican "Army," wishes to overthrow the Government by force.

Mr. Fox speaks of Nationalists, but refrains from mentioning the I.R.A. in this connection. That it exists in Eire also is known to Mr. Fox; recent finds of arms and munitions in Co. Mayo, and the shooting of a Dublin detective, have underlined its existence. Could any responsible Government, especially in wartime, treat the activities of such a body lightly? Would lenient treatment of its members not tend to increase, rather than decrease, the number of outrages? And should the police refrain from searches, such as those which have produced such tangible and even deadly results, and from the arrest of suspects? The suggestion that the Belfast execution is in any way comparable to Nazi measures of repression is indeed, as Mr. Fox says, fantastic; and must surely appear so even in Dublin, to those who have not been driven by prejudice almost beyond the borders of sanity.

With Mr. Fox I welcome the tendency of electors in Eire to concentrate on social issues. Progressives in Northern Ireland see in any such tendency the hope that, one day, such issues may become the political realities of Ireland, north and south, obscuring the old religious and racial shibboleths. Along this road, and not the road of pampering the gunman, we may one day reach unity.

ULSTERMAN

[We have received many letters on this subject. We hope that the Appeal to Ireland by Pamela Hinkson, which we publish this week, will be carefully considered by our correspondents both from Eire and Ulster.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—It is hard to understand why C. S. Orwin in his articles on "Agriculture in Peace and War" suggests that "the reconditioning of farms and the reclamation of fens and wastes which is being financed out of the public purse may be justified, *with some hesitation*, in the present crisis." Agricultural experts such as Lord Lymington, Lord Northbourne and Sir Albert Howard are agreed that Britain *can* feed herself, and according to the Ministry of Agriculture, "British farmers are already producing two-thirds of the nation's food requirements." If we are to produce the missing one-third—and Hitler's U-boats may make this imperative—unstinted financial aid must be extended to all farmers. Writing of present credit facilities, a Surrey farmer said: "Although we are told that money can be borrowed from the Bank, the farmer finds unpleasant conditions attached to his borrowing. He must either give a personal guarantee for the overdraft, if he has the private means to do so, or mortgage his property to the Bank. He must also pay 4½ per cent. to 5 per cent. interest on the loan."

Since bank credit is costless to create, as the *Economist* of February 1, 1940, admitted, there is no justification for charging interest on loans. Efficient food production demands interest free, and, if necessary, debt-free loans. Britain can and must feed herself or succumb to the Third Horseman of the Apocalypse.

LINCOLN GREEN

THE PROSPECT FOR RELIGION

SIR,—The correspondence about church attendance is partly centred round a Mass-Observation report which I sent to Professor Joad some time ago. Detailed church counts, observations, interviews and written questionnaires show that numerically there is a tendency (accelerated by the war) for less and less people to attend regularly at "orthodox" places of worship. But interest in spiritual *ideas* has increased. Many people feel ideological starvation, but find no satisfactory solution in the existing set-up. Thus the superficial discrepancy which is really a source of argument between Mr. Sidney Dark and Professor Joad. On the one hand there is a qualitative awakening in religion, on the other a quantitative decline in traditional religious observance. Associated with this, any departure which is contemporary or purposeful, such as the Malvern Conference or the Industrial Sunday, attracts religious attention, which is as yet largely untapped, or drifting into unsocial manifestations like astrology (to which I have previously drawn attention in your columns).

TOM HARRISSON

HUNGER IN GREECE

SIR,—In endorsing your London Diarist's conclusion that "The case for increasing the supply of food for Greece seems unanswerable," may I say that whoever "reminded" him "that it is only the towns that will be actually starving" has an imperfect memory.

On May 19 last, Mr. Edmund Harvey asked the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare "whether it has yet been possible to extend the benefit of this relief to the Greek Islands, where famine conditions have been most serious." Mr. Dingle Foot's reply acknowledged that "famine has been particularly acute" in the Aegean Islands.

Since then there have been reports of two relief shipments to the islands. The first emanated from Turkey and amounted to 660 tons; the second was 1,000 tons of flour off-laden from the Swedish s.s. *Hallaren*. This is pitifully inadequate and nobody claims that the situation was alleviated for more than a short time. Quite apart from the islands, the stoppage of transport means that country districts which do not, and often cannot, themselves grow staple foodstuffs will be hit by famine next winter equally with the towns, while their claims to relief are more easily overlooked.

HOWARD WHITTEN

Health for the Young

LINDSEY W. BATTEN

The author of "The Single-Handed Mother" has written this book not only for parents, teachers and leaders of the youth movement, but also as a help to the adolescents themselves. "There is little doubt that Dr. Batten's contribution would do much to improve child health if it were widely read. The author is at his best in his section on 'Diseases and the Doctor'."—G. BOURNE in the *Tribune*. "I wish every mother would buy and read this little book, it is so simple, sensible, practical and interesting."—R. FERGUSON in *British Weekly*. 6s. net.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

RETREAT IN THE EAST

O. D. GALLAGHER

Story of *Repulse*, Malaya and Burma, including the fall of Rangoon, the work of the A.V.G., etc.

Illustrated. 8/6 net

I WORKED WITH LAVAL

Lt. Col. PIERRE TISSIER

Memories of Briand, Laval, and de Monzie.

"Of real value for a true diagnosis of the political causes of the débâcle."
—TABLET.

Drawings by Kem. 5/- net

HARRAP BOOKS
GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.

WHAT THE FUTURE DEMANDS OF RELIGION

By R. F. D. WELLBYE

Defenders of the Faith maintain that the civilization of to-morrow must be founded upon Christianity. At the same time they claim that Christianity has been the prime factor in shaping the civilization of to-day—feeble, imperfect, and threatened with collapse. In the light of this dilemma Mr. Wellbye examines Christianity and dismisses it as an incredible body of doctrine, and outlines a maturer faith founded on a clearer view of reality, and capable of giving energy and direction to human endeavour in these critical times.

Cloth 5s. *net; paper cover,* 3s. 6d. *net*

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.
5 Johnson's Court, Fleet St., E.C.4

Sarpedon

ENGLAND'S SERVICE

"Offers a reasoned plan for recovery of world trade and gives a basis for practical discussion." *Times Literary Supplement.* "His knowledge and understanding of the financial and mercantile system are first-class." *Birmingham Post.* 6s.

Samuel Courtauld

GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY

A leading industrialist discusses post-war reconstruction of industry. 6d.

MACMILLAN
& CO., LTD.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

One obstacle to the enjoyment of Hopkins is his particularity. The reader must be stimulated at contact to go beyond, far beyond, that co-operation and "voluntary suspension of disbelief" which every poet demands. Thus, the rhythms, the word-building, the clusters of sound in Hopkins require not merely study and an open mind, but a willingness to experiment as well as enjoy. "Sprung rhythm" is, I believe, the most important technical discovery in poetry since the introduction of blank verse; it brings out a new pattern in Hopkins and in the whole of English poetry; but that doesn't say that its employment in *The Deutschland* "carries." For some readers it will (it does for me), but one has only to encounter Hopkins's particularity in another form to feel its limitations. I can understand that some critics find his energy and ingenuity fall apart, because that is precisely what I have experienced with his religion. Three-quarters of the way I gladly, breathlessly follow; the remaining lap—involving doctrine, Roman practices, Scotist theology—must be plodded coldly, out of critical devotion and for any lights it may offer. There is a point at which (for all except the Catholic reader) rivers of emotion become suddenly dammed and canalised. We strain to bursting; doctrine resolves. Poetically, it seems, the solution has been missed. This is true of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, which contains nearly all Hopkins's faults and virtues, and though it appears less in later work, a certain schematism is often underlying. The rigid use, in sonnets, of the sestet for interpreting a picture given by the octet is an example of how this didactic trait in Hopkins may determine form; and some of his queer tricks of emphasis spring from the same desire to buttonhole—

> . . . AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
> Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my Chevalier!

Such personal swoops, when they succeed, take us a long way towards accepting doctrine or verbal extravagance. We should be readier to make concessions to the second than to the first, if only because the matter is poetry and not homiletics.

* * *

An argumentative book on its subject: *Gerard Manley Hopkins, Priest and Poet*, by John Pick (Oxford University Press, 8*s*. 6*d*.). I say "argumentative" because, despite Mr. Pick, every critic of sense has accepted long ago the main position he so strenuously defends: that religion was the determining experience of Hopkins's life and poetry. The priest of his title rightly comes first; poetry was the avocation. Mr. Pick's conclusion is sound, though not new. He has little to add to criticism, but provides much elucidatory detail about Hopkins's mental and spiritual life; and this, since Hopkins's own "Spiritual Diaries" have been lost to us, is valuable. The account of early influences—Keats, the Pre-Raphaelites, Arnold, Ruskin and Pater (the last, Hopkins's tutor at Balliol)—is fuller than usual, and Mr. Pick gives a good picture of Oxford in the Sixties, with the young aesthete-ascetic moving in the direction of Pusey, Liddon, Newman and the Order of Jesuits. The rest of the book, which makes use of the letters and journals published since Lahey's memoir, sets the poems side by side with the exercises and studies of a Jesuit priest. The chief of these, enjoined on every novice, was the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius; texts for much of Hopkins are to be found there, and they represent his orthodox attachment. His rebellion, loneliness, counter-purpose, or what you will, found a justification in Duns Scotus. There were, we are told, two other Scotists in England at the time. I had hoped when I opened Mr. Pick's volume to learn more about Scotus, but though several pages and an appendix are devoted to the subject they are not very enlightening. What precisely Hopkins found so much to his mind in Scotus, so that walking one day he could exclaim: "Just then, when I took in any inscape of the sky or sea, I thought of Scotus," remains mysterious. My own conjecture, held for a long while, is that in Duns Scotus Hopkins found not only certain ideas akin to his own (the virtue of particularity in nature, for example, mentioned by Mr. Pick), but also an escape from mental pack-drill, a justification for oddity and questioning. Whenever in writing Hopkins achieved some startling audacity he was always at pains to find an earlier text to cite; in Scotus he may have had his text for audacities (such as we can only guess at) in belief.

* * *

Detach Hopkins from theories (even his own theories) and from the present: that is the best advice to anyone re-reading him now. One's first readings of this poet are certain to have exaggerated his isolation. Hopkins's letters, admirable in themselves, are the best explanation of his poetry, and they give him his true setting, as a Victorian among Victorians. Re-read them, by all means. But better still, tether him (he has strayed too much about the future) to the past. Among his fellow-poets in orders, whom he read with a specially sympathetic eye, no one, I believe, has thought to pick out George Herbert. His name occurs only half-a-dozen times in the letters, but that Hopkins had read Herbert closely, and that the two have much in common, will be plain to anyone who has studied both. They are of roughly equal stature in poetry; though Hopkins, one might say, is Herbert with a touch of Donne, and Herbert is Hopkins without the experimental genius. Here are a few passages that show the link.

> All things are busy; only I
> Neither bring honey with the bees,
> Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
> To water these.
>
> I am no link of thy great chain,
> But all my company is a weed.
> Lord place me in thy confort; give one strain
> To my poor reed.
> —Herbert, *Employment*.

> See, banks and brakes
> Leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
> With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
> Them; birds build, but not I build; no, but strain,
> Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
> Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.
> —Hopkins, *Justus Es*.

Usually, as here, the advantage is with Hopkins; but Herbert's finest poem, *The Collar*, at least equals its modern counterpart:

> I struck the board, and cried, no more;
> I will abroad.
> What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
> My lines and life are free; free as the road,
> Loose as the wind, as large as store.
> Shall I be still in suit?
> Have I no harvest but a thorn
> To let me blood, and not restore
> What I have lost with cordial fruit?
> Sure there was wine,
> Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn,
> Before my tears did drown it.
> Is the year only lost to me?
> Have I no bays to crown it?
> No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
> All wasted? . . . .
> —Herbert, *The Collar*.

> Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
> Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man
> In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;
> Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.
> But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
> They wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? Scan
> With darksome devouring eyes my bruisèd bones? and fan,
> O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?
> Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.
> Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,
> Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, chéer.
> Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, fóot tród
> Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night, that year
> Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God) my God.
> —Hopkins, *Carrion Comfort*.

Herbert's is the more even and on the whole the better poem; Hopkins is magnificent and terrible at times, but the sestet joggles, introduced as usual by a professional change of tone. In comparing these two poets I wish, however, not to suggest that one borrowed from or improved the other, but to note a natural affinity. Here are some brief detached sentences. Whom would you guess as the author?

> I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
> So thou art still my God. . . .
>
> Love is swift of foot,
> Love's a man of war,
> And can shoot
> And can hit from far.
>
> . . . . leave thy cold dispute
> Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
> Thy rope of sands . . . .
>
> Look on my sorrows round!
> Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
> What heats abound!
> What griefs, what shames!
> Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
> And hear!

In each case, Herbert. They can never quite be mistaken, but the resemblance strikes. "Storms are the triumph of his art," says Herbert of his God; and "I adore Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods." One can even see oddities in Herbert that must have attracted Hopkins. But Herbert, despite his afflictions and the troubled times through which he lived, inhabited an untormented world. The Church, with its porch, window and altar signifying beauties and charities; nature, an orderly progression; man a sinner, but of angelic promise; and Herbert himself praising, devising, simplifying, accepting.

> Away distrust:
> My God hath promised; he is just.
> That might be his last word.

* * *

Hopkins, in one of his few faultless poems, takes up the word:

> Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
> With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just . .

There is no need to quote the rest of this well-known sonnet. But it brings me back to the point at which I diverged from Mr. Pick. My impressions, after re-reading Hopkins all through for perhaps the twentieth time, are of final religious doubt. Praise, weakness, strength, ecstasy, suffering—and doubt. It is a doubt, maybe, within belief, and not so strong or so pervasive as Kafka's. But there it is, and it is recurrent. That, needless to say, is not at all Mr. Pick's view (he writes as an orthodox Catholic). Doubt is relegated by him to a "period of desolation," and it is followed by a serenity, in which Hopkins dies. But to support this view, Mr. Pick has had to rearrange the order of the last poems. *Spelt From Sibyl's Leaves*—which together with the sonnet just quoted most plainly asserts doubt—is hooked forward from its previous date of 1881 to 1885, where it is made to introduce the "period of desolation." Mr. Pick's authority for making this change seems to me weak. Then, after the "period of desolation" is over, to add the final serenity, No. 48 (*That Nature is a Herachtean Fire*) becomes No. 51: this on no authority whatsoever. Mr. Pick's Life of Hopkins then ends, as you might suppose, on a note calculated to edify the devout.

The first real Life of Hopkins, I'm afraid, has yet to be written. G. W. STONIER

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s*. 6*d*. Six months, 16*s*. 3*d*. Three months, 8*s*. 6*d*. New subscriptions now only accepted as and when lapsed ones make copies available.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2*s*. 3*d*. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

HITLER SPEAKS

Hitler's Speeches, 1922-1939. An English Translation of representative Passages arranged under Subjects and edited by Norman Baynes. Two vols. *Oxford Press and Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 50s.

If civilisation survives Hitler, Hitler will survive, like Napoleon, as one of the favourite problems of historians, which will interminably fill the bookshelves of libraries. How did he do it? Was he a maniac or a genius? Did he ride the whirlwind of history or was he merely a poisonous insect, himself whirled helplessly before the wind? It is customary, owing to over-modesty or to intellectual timidity or laziness, to maintain that the present is never intelligible—we are "too near to it"—and that history and people can only be explained when they are dead, buried and largely forgotten. This is usually a fallacy. Unless vital information is concealed in what are called "the archives"—which is much rarer than professional historians like to pretend—the only fact with regard to the present, vouchsafed to posterity but denied to us, is its future. But if you want to understand a historic event it is safer not to know what happened after it, for the present can be explained scientifically, not by the future, but by the past and present. Mr. Norman Baynes, in the 2,000 pages of the two volumes of Hitler's speeches, has, in fact, presented us with all the evidence necessary for understanding the Führer and for answering the questions which will fill the libraries of the future. All that is necessary is to read these speeches with attention and objectively—it is a very painful, but not an impossible, task.

When Hitler speaks he answers the questions asked above, I think, somewhat as follows. Sanity and insanity are relative; in a sane world Hitler would be recognised as insane; in the Europe of 1919 to 1930 he became the natural mouthpiece—and later the ruler—of millions of ordinary people, brutalised by war and driven frantic by insecurity, humiliation, want, and every kind of social misery. He is a megalomaniac and a sadist; emotionally his mind is dominated by inexhaustible hatred, meanness and cruelty. But that does not explain "how he did it." He did it because, like every man who has made a great impact upon history, he is both the creature and the creator of events. He *is* the poisonous insect blown helplessly before the pestilential vapours and winds of the inter-war years, but he is also the pestilential leader who rides the whirlwind.

These speeches show clearly the qualities which have enabled Hitler to ride the hurricane. He has, in the first place, terrific will power. It is not merely that his will power is immensely strong, but it is united with a patience, a persistence, an obsession which enable him to pursue an object, undeviatingly and implacably, above and below ground, in every circumstance of failure and success, day in, day out, for weeks and months and years. This power of obsessive persistence can be observed in some forms of insanity, and it also reminds one, in Hitler, of the concentration and persistence with which a wild beast hunts down its prey. For he is always, owing to his obsessive hatreds, hunting down some victim. To have will power like Hitler's is a very rare thing, and it is intimately connected with his pathological fanaticisms. But what makes him so formidable in an era like the present, in which masses of men are suffering from the miseries of an economic system breaking down and the malaise of a social system and civilisation shell-shocked by war, is that he not only has this indomitable, ruthless will power, this implacable persistence in the pursuit of a victim or an object, but he also has a very remarkable instinct of seeing the means most appropriate for achieving his object. I call it an instinct, because there is something animal rather than human about it. It is the apotheosis of animal craftiness, the craftiness of the fox interlaced with the wiliness of the serpent.

Unfortunately Hitler is not an animal, but a human being. His objects are human, but cruel and barbarous, for they are rooted in hatred and a passion for power. His fox-like cunning and snaky wiles are exercised upon other human beings. He has a genius for appealing to what is most cruel and ignoble in human beings in order to get them in his power or for lulling a prospective victim into a feeling of confidence and security until the right moment has arrived for him to be struck down. This supreme craftiness is the determining factor in all Hitler's successful achievements, whether it be the fastening of his power upon the German people in the decade before 1933, in the creation of the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, or in the foreign policy by which he disrupted European society in the years 1933 to 1938.

Take, for instance, the creation of the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, the use of which has, in fact, played a great part in his success in getting his claws into his own people. There is, side by side with his craftiness, something of the Village Idiot in Hitler, a streak of the Wagnerian Pure Fool, only he is the Impure instead of the Pure Fool. The framework of his thought, his *Weltanschauung*, or his foreign policy or strategy is always extremely simple—so simple, silly and crazy on the surface that his opponents or victims always, until the last moment, underestimate its dangerous power. His mind is entirely unoriginal; I do not think that there is a single original thought or idea in the 1,700 pages of his translated speeches. There is not one original idea of Hitler's own in the Nazi *Weltanschauung* of which he never stops boasting; it is a crazy hotch-potch of Germanic pseudo-science about race, history, Geopolitik, the war and the Versailles Diktat. The remarkable thing is, however, the instinctive and unscrupulous craftiness with which, for the construction of this fantastic "attitude towards the world," he has selected here and there, from this crank or fanatic or from that, precisely those features which, in the then state of Germany, would appeal to passion and put power into his own hands. His use of anti-semitism and his linking it with "blood and earth" and the doctrine of a Germanic Herrenvolk are a triumphant example of his methods. He saw in 1919 that, if anyone could give a humiliated and broken Germany someone to hate and something to be proud about, he might have the Herrenvolk in his power. His speeches between 1922 and 1935 show the masterly patience with which he built up the legend of the Jewish conspiracy against Germany until he is at last able to identify the Jews with all the enemies of Germany and of civilisation—Bolsheviks, Socialists, Czechs, Poles, British, French or Americans, as the case may be. The Jew becomes anyone whom Hitler hates and anyone whom Hitler hates becomes a Jew or a tool of the Jews. The speeches of those years are a monotonous snarl of hatred. It was just what vast numbers of Germans wanted in those years, and the man who gave them this object for the concentration of their hatred (which he himself was continually whipping up) gained in return a concentration of power over the haters. To this *Weltanschauung* of hatred he then adds the *Weltanschauung* of race. Hitler's doctrine of race is quite different from what most people think it is. He does not say that the Germans are a pure race of fair-haired, blue-eyed Aryans, and are therefore Herrenvolk. On the contrary, he says again and again that the Germans are a mixture of "a number of more or less distinct races."

VITAL BOOKS

Just Published

RENNIE MACANDREW'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX AND LOVE TECHNIQUE.
Seven Parts. Price 20/-. Postage 7d.
The book is free from tedious medical terms, being written in the author's usual easy style and its object is to provide knowledge of sex and love throughout the whole span of human life.

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. 6/6
By Dr. G. C. Beale. This work deals in a comprehensive manner with the whole subject. It is a necessary book alike for the married and those contemplating marriage.

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. 5/6
An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman.
"Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them."

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. 1/3
By D. Murray Davey. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. 5/6
By Rennie MacAndrew. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage.

THE RED LIGHT. 1/9
A book of sane and logical instruction on Intimate Hygiene for Men and Women.
"Frankly written—sincere and unsuggestive—as indispensable to those in uniform as a Service Gas Mask—the best eighteenpenny-worth in its line yet published."—*Superman.*

All prices in Ind. postage. Send your order to:
THE WALES PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 169, 26 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue sent free on request.

MEMORIES of LENIN
N. Krupskaya

The new edition of this classic life of Lenin is slightly abridged, and is now issued in one volume in A Worker's Library Series. Krupskaya, Lenin's devoted comrade and wife, presents an intimate and moving picture of the great founder and leader of the Bolshevik Party.

320 pp. 3/6 net

PUBLICATION DATE OCTOBER 2nd

LAWRENCE & WISHART, LTD
2, Southampton Place, W.C.1

SKEFFINGTON
"NEEDS OF TO-DAY" LIBRARY
CUT THIS LIST OUT AND KEEP IT

For the War

OUR FAITH. *By the Bishop of Barking.* 7/6 (post 4d.).
COMFORT YE. *Rev. D. C. Tibbenham.* 5/- (post 4d.).
FAMILIAR MATTER OF TO-DAY. *Rev. L. B. Ashby, M.A.* Paper, 2/6 (post 3d.).
WAR-TIME INTERCESSIONS. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 2/6 (post 3d.).
SERMONS FOR THE WAR. *Revs. L. B. Ashby, M.A., J. A. Craigie, M.A., G. Lacey May, M.A., Philip Thorburn, A.K.C., and Alfred Thomas, M.A.* Paper, 2/- (post 3d.).

For Bible Study

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE. *C. J. Grist, F.R.Ent.S., F.C.S., F.Z.S.* 7/6 (post 4d.).
THE ETERNAL PRAYER. *Rev. W. W. Joyce, M.A.* 2/6 (post 3d.).
THE BOOK LUMINOUS. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 5/- (post 3d.).
THE GLORY OF THE BIBLE. *Rev. G. Lacey May, M.A.* 6d. (post 1d.).
THE SOLACE OF THE SOUL. *Rev. L. H. Key.* 3/6 (post 4d.).

From Booksellers or by post only from
47 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7
SKEFFINGTON & SON LTD.

JOHN P. MARQUAND'S
Ming Yellow

An exquisite thriller by the distinguished author of "H. M. Pulham, Esq." In "Ming Yellow" Marquand shows the same perfection in portrayal of character and background. He gets right under the skin of China—and tells a high speed, credible and cunning story. 7/6

ROBERT HALE LTD

but one of these races which compose the mixture is the "master-race," and the leaders of the Germans must be chosen "by the test of blood," i.e. they must have in their veins the blood-corpuscles of the master-race. On the other hand, while one can tell a Jew by examining his grandmothers, one cannot "from the race infer the capacity, but one has to infer from the capacity the racial fitness for the task. But one could establish the fact of capacity from the way in which individual men responded to the new idea which we had to proclaim." Can anything be simpler, sillier, and yet more crafty? You can infer the Jew and his guilt from the race—from his grandmothers—and so you establish a large body of people who can be the recognised objects of public hatred and persecution and who are too weak to hit back. You cannot, however, infer from race the people who are to do the persecuting and the hitting, the German Herrenvolk, you can only infer it from their acceptance of Nazism—the only proof that a man belongs to the Germanic master-race is that he accepts and obeys Hitler. This *Weltanschauung* of Hitler is the tale or myth of a super-village idiot and could only be accepted in a world composed of common or garden village idiots. But that is also why it is a masterpiece of the fox and the snake, for it was exactly calculated to be accepted in the world as it is and to put all the other village idiots into the hands of their leader, Adolf Hitler.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE CRITICS DIFFER

The Intent of the Critic. By EDMUND WILSON, NORMAN FOERSTER, JOHN CROWE RANSOM and W. H. AUDEN. Edited by Donald A. Stauffer. *Oxford University Press.* 15s. 6d.

In this rather starchy symposium four American critics and an English poet living in America give their views on the task of the critic, as opposed to the task of the artist, in art and literature. The editor tells us pointedly why critics are necessary; Mr. Edmund Wilson writes one of his easy and pithy papers on the historical interpretation of literature; Mr. Foerster tolerantly exempts artists and critics from having anything more than a working philosophy, but argues that after last century's now disastrous "return to Nature" we should return to another abstraction called "Man," and that our literary judgments must be ethical as well as æsthetic. Mr. Ransom tends to confine criticism to poetry and thinks that form, texture and structure and not subject matter are the critic's business; and Mr. Auden, with a glance at anthropology, decides that the world is divided into closed and open societies, the open ones being the democracies, and talks of the critic's work in that connection. So the variety of view is wide and sometimes it is instructive. I am one of those who find highbrow symposiums self-conscious, airless and lacking in geniality; and though the straining kind of reader may come away from this book a better man, I doubt if his impression will be that five minds are better than one. It is true that Coleridge drew his own portrait rather than Hamlet's in his famous description of Hamlet the procrastinator; but how well he did it! We hear nothing in this book to suggest criticism itself may be creative.

It has often been said that ours has been an age of distinguished criticism and not of distinguished creative writing. And in that writing the critical or analytical inflection has indeed been obvious. There are also obvious historical reasons why this should be so. We need not go to the lengths which journalists like Mr. Walter Lippmann have gone to, picking up half the story and denouncing the age for its decadence, its selfishness and its devotion to personal happiness. One of the duties of the critic is to expose half-truths, and I am horrified to see Mr. Norman Foerster quoting with apparent approval Mr. Lippmann's melodramatic address to his Harvard class:

> What has made possible the victories of this scientised evil is the lazy, self-indulgent materialism, the amiable lackadaisical, footless, confused complacency of the free nations of the world. They have dissipated, like wastrels and drunkards, the inheritance of freedom and order that came to them from hard working, thrifty, faithful, believing and brave men. The disaster in the midst of which we are living is a disaster in the character of men.

Heaven protect us from the morality of the reformed rake. The last thing civilisation wants is an orgy of moral panic. There was none of this in the dignified statement of the neo-humanist position originally made by More and Babbit, though they held, as Mr. Foerster holds, that revolutionary naturalism in thought and literature was essentially defeatist.

The great value of the historical school, when its proceedings are as temperately and honestly conducted as Mr. Edmund Wilson takes them, is that it never separates the interplay of belief and conditions. (One remembers his own subtle criticism of Taine in *To the Finland Station*.) Many political or historical critics have left literature out of literary criticism, just as neo-humanists like Babbit eventually did, but Mr. Wilson is a critic who has retained his pleasure in literature for its own sake. (He is quite clear, for example, that Marx and Engels would have been extremely shocked by Trotsky's extension of their views, and by the Russian attempt at a State literature.) Mr. Wilson's brief exposition of the historical school is valuable, because he sees quite well that if "criticism by origins" has been the typical modern criticism, it has also been an awful nuisance. Looking back at Mr. Foerster, we can see that the habit of analysis encouraged by Marx, Freud, and the chaos of society, has made the springs of thought and action more interesting than thought or actions themselves. Our delight in the drama of origins is a flight from value as well as a reconsideration of it. The weakness of historical criticism is that, except in the hands of the very rare lovers of literature, it has really been not a response to writing but a foraging on behalf of life. When Michelet tells us that *Manon Lescaut* is interesting as a commentary on the life and ideas of the small gentry of France in the early 18th century, when Mr. Van Wyck Brooks guesses the precise psychological irritant which turned Mark Twain into a writer, or when Gorky says that Dostoevsky stinks to heaven of the petty bourgeois, none of these critics is telling us how good or bad the books of these writers are. The problem of comparative value remains, as Mr. Edmund Wilson says; and Professor Saintsbury, tippling genially in the library, nursing his shocking reactionary politics, comes back into his own. You are driven back on the critic's primary capacity for intuition and response; and as for standards—well, as Mr. Wilson says with refreshing pragmatism, the educated man "knows what he knows." Literature gives us power over our experience.

Mr. Auden, the least resilient mind in the group, lays down four commandments for the critic in the democratic states. A work will be judged "by the degree to which it transcends the artist's personal and historical limitations." His judgments will be conditioned by a belief in the unity of truth. He will conceive of art as self-discipline, not as self expression. He must persuade the audience to do without him, because "the gifts of the spirit are not to be had at second-hand." The last is an admirable phrase, for one has an awful picture of a number of rather grimly determined readers, feeling that

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...
Make it up with
HOVIS
BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield

INSURE
with
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD
Chief Administration:
7, CHANCERY LANE
LONDON, W.C.2

Cannot praise 'ASPRO' enough
Read this Tribute!
Mrs. J. WOODWARDS, of 5 New Bungalows, near New Road, Hatfield Peveril, Essex, writes: "After having rheumatism for several years and finding nothing to do me any good, I tried 'ASPRO' and I am sure I cannot praise it enough. Also for nauritis it is invaluable, relieving the pain in a few seconds. I have recommended 'ASPRO' tablets to several people for headache and toothache. They know I always keep them in the house so of course they know where to come for relief. I might say I was in bed 9 months with my knee. I took aspirin at the time. I only wish I had taken 'ASPRO' instead since I have been taking them I can get about. Many thanks to 'ASPRO', I will never be without them."
Millions have proved 'ASPRO' Service!
ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.
3½, 6½, 1/3½, 2/6½
(Purchase Tax included)
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

HAVANA FLAVOUR

Enjoy the full fragrance, aroma and taste of the fine imported Cigar Leaf in CIGARLETS . . . Cigars in miniature in a cigarette paper wrapping.
20 for 2/-
Cigar-lets
THE 15 MINUTE CIGAR
FROM ALL GOOD TOBACCONISTS & N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

they ought to know about criticism as one more of the many techniques of our specialised life, and forgetting that it has anything to do with love of literature or the gifts of the spirit.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A CENTURY OF DETECTION

Murder for Pleasure. By HOWARD HAYCROFT. *Peter Davies.* 10s. 6d.
With This Ring. By MIGNON EBERHAT. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
Requiem for Robert. By MARY FITT. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
Dead Man's Shoes. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Last year was the centenary of the detective story. (*The Murders in the Rue Morgue* was published in an American magazine in April, 1841.) The event was not celebrated in the usual fashion: no statue of Sherlock Holmes was unveiled in Baker Street. But the publication of *Murder for Pleasure* pays a more intelligent and therefore more appropriate tribute to the occasion. In a labour of love Mr. Haycroft, an American, has undertaken to write the history of detection, combined with a critical analysis of detective writers. The subject is immense, when you consider that over 300 works of detection were published each year in the English language just before this war; and Mr. Haycroft's bibliography of detective *criticism* extends to 18 pages. But, under cover of a somewhat jaunty style, the material has been compressed into reasonable compass. The result is a volume packed with information, erudition and lucid judgment, but appealing perhaps more to a reviewer than to the average reader.

The landmarks in detective history are easily recognisable. Vidocq, of the Paris *Sûreté*, published in 1829 his highly-coloured autobiography, on which both Poe and Gaboriau drew for information about police methods. In *The Moonstone* (1868) Wilkie Collins first used a detective plot for a straight novel. *The Leavenworth Case* (1878) introduced Anna Katherine Green, the first authoress of the tribe. The first adventure of Sherlock Holmes, *The Scarlet Letter*, was published in 1887, *Trent's Last Case* in 1913, *The Cask* in 1920; and Simenon's Maigret series listed from 1930 to 1933. *Trent's Last Case* and *The Cask* are the immediate ancestors of all our present-day writing, if you bar out as thrillers the hard-boiled school of Dashiel Hammett—as I do. The *roman policiers* and the character novel about crime are the two types that persist. Simenon tried to combine the two with some measure of success—but Simenon is a genius, and has renounced his Maigret for the higher paths of literature.

Mr. Haycroft's information about detective authors is full of surprises about their identity and dual personality, of which I will give a few samples. Francis Iles = Anthony Berkeley = Mr. A. B. Cox. Ellery Queen = Barnaby Boss = Messrs. Dannay and Lee. Patrick Quentin = Q. Patrick = Jonathan Stagge = Messrs. Webb and Wheeler. John Rhode = Major Street. Miss Phœbe Atwood Taylor = Alice Tilton. Leslie Ford = David Frome = Mrs. Zenith Brown—and so it goes on. No explanation is offered of this passion for disguise, but surely one is required. They must have something they wish to hide. A cynical mind suggests that they know well enough that they write too much and not too well. "There is, O, such a lot of them—and none of it delicious." Mrs. Christie sails under her own flag, so does Miss Sayers, so do Miss Ngaio Marsh, Mr. H. C. Bailey, Mrs. Eberhart, the Coles, Erle Stanley Gardner. It is not a question of merit but of character. I have the impression that some shred of authenticity clings even to a third-rate writer who faces his public, naked perhaps, but unashamed.

Mr. Haycroft's critical taste in detection agrees so closely with my own that I hasten to pronounce it as extremely sound. He ranks Mrs. Christie, Miss Sayers, Mr. J. S. Freeman, Mr. H. C. Bailey and Mr. Wills Crofts as the English Big Five, with honourable mentions for Nicholas Blake, Mr. Dickson Carr, Michael Innes, Miss Margery Allingham, Philip Macdonald and Miss Ngaio Marsh. In America they have Ellery Queen, Mrs. Mabel Seeley, Mrs. Eberhart, Erle Stanley Gardner and Mr. Rex Stout to go on with, besides a host of smaller fry. For "a detective bookshelf" Mr. Haycroft lists about 60 books by 60 authors, with which it is hard to quarrel. But for my personal satisfaction I take this chance of recording my own list of the twelve works of detection I have enjoyed most in the last thirty years:—

The Man in the Brown Suit by Mrs. Christie.
Lord Edgware Dies by Mrs. Christie.
Ten Little Niggers by Mrs. Christie.
The Rasp by Philip Macdonald.
The Pattern by Mrs. Eberhart.
Trent's Last Case by Mr. E. C. Bentley.
The House of the Arrow by Mr. A. E. W. Mason.
The Canary Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine.
Heir Presumptive by Henry Wade.
Murder by Latitude by Rufus King.
S.S. Murder by A. Patrick.
Mystery Week-End by Percival Wade.

In his preface to *Murder for Pleasure* Nicholas Blake raises the desperate question:—"Why do people read detection?" He suggests it is the 20th century outlet for the sense of guilt in the upper and middle classes, which used to unload itself in religious belief. "Elementary, my dear Watson." I would evade that question by asking another:—"*When* do people read detection?" "When they have nothing better to do" is my answer to that. But *why* they have nothing better to do is a cosmic enigma.

The three works of fiction need not detain us. If you have nothing better to do you can read them, as they are all readable but with no claim to greater distinction. Mrs. Eberhart plunges her innocent heroine into the bay on country round New Orleans, where the tendrils of Spanish moss dangling from the live oaks have a ghostly clutch in the dark, and the atmosphere is thundery with a tendency to brood evil. But the sun shines at the end. "He kissed her then, quickly but rather thoroughly," whoever he was—and I'm afraid it's only too easy to guess.

Did Robert Raynald commit suicide, or was he murdered by one of his unloved and unloving relations? *Requiem for Robert* is a gloomy sequence of psychological unbuttoning. When all the characters in turn have confessed to Inspector Mallett their share in the family history, Robert's soul may have been at peace and Justice satisfied, but the reader will not be much the wiser. Miss Fitt, in her enthusiasm for describing human nature, almost forgets the further requirements of a good detective story, namely, crime.

Dead Man's Shoes is Clunk at full length, Clunk investigating some civic hanky-panky at a recently developed holiday resort. Mr. Bailey's style has now become so jerky that he requires 45 chapters in 168 pages to tug us through the sticky business. There were times when I should have been glad even of a sight of Reggie Fortune. But certainly you can read it—if you have nothing better to do.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A VALUABLE GUIDE

An ABC of the Pacific. By DOROTHY WOODMAN. *Penguin Special.* 9d.

Just at the moment when the bookstall public wants to know where the Solomon Islands are and why Papua is important, Miss Woodman supplies a reliable, sensible and readable guide to the Pacific area. As a feat in compression her book is remarkable, and where the lazy reader might otherwise find the going difficult, he is provided with excellent diagrams, maps and illustrations.

Miss Woodman covers a huge area; she charts the racial divisions and the varieties of cultures of all the main island and continental groups; her summary of Chinese history is particularly well done. She looks upon China as the future leader of Asia. And then, after accounts of the development and present resources of Siam, Indo-China and Burma, she deals with the results of Dutch, British and American penetration of south-eastern Asia, the East Indies and Protectorates. In a chapter on "Strange Story of Japan" she emphasises one aspect of Western policy which may have caused some uncomfortable thinking among men responsible, for instance, for the American landing on Makin Island. It was American equipment in the hands of Japanese that killed so many United States marines.

Miss Woodman's general thesis is that the balance of the world's power is shifting; that the Pacific may soon be more the centre of power than the Atlantic, and that if unnecessary misery is to be prevented, the task of white statesmanship is to accept a new status of equality and learn to co-operate instead of attempting the now impossible task of dominating the indigenous peoples of Asia. But her thesis is not obtrusive; most of the *ABC of the Pacific* is, as its name suggests, an invaluable book of information and reference. There are very few slips that need correction. The oddest occurs in her account of the islands of the Pacific, where Pitcairn Island is credited with 209,000 inhabitants in one table, whereas in the text later on, "just over 200" is the number given. Three noughts need deletion from the first figure. In general the text of the book has been carefully read and can be relied upon as accurate. It is exactly the book of reference needed to-day.

La France Libre. September. 2s. 6d.

The current number of this admirable monthly is even more interesting than usual. There are important articles on the potentialities of European production, if the Germans are given time to organise this; on the unobtrusive seizure by the Germans of control in French industry; on the respective merits and failings of Allied and German propaganda. Jean Mahan writes with passionate fervour about Germans and Jews, Lt. Herbert has a moving tale about a Polish pilot, Jean Oberlé reports on the Americans in Ulster. Pierre Maillaud on Charlie Chaplin is particularly stimulating; a poem in praise of liberty by Paul Eluard is magnificent, a series of stanzas by Pierre Emmanuel reveals a considerable poet.

Week-end Competitions

No. 660

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered to competitors who, preserving the feeling rather than the exact wording of the original, produce the best translations into English verse of the following prose poem:

L'ÉTRANGER.

Qui aimes-tu le mieux, homme énigmatique, dis?
Ton père, ta mère, ta soeur ou ton frère?
Je n'ai ni père, ni mère, ni soeur, ni frère.
Tes amis?
Vous vous servez d'une parole dont le sens m'est resté jusqu'à ce jour inconnu.
La beauté?
J'ignore sous quelle latitude elle est située.
L'or?
Je le hais comme vous haïssez Dieu.
Eh! qu'aimes-tu donc, extraordinaire étranger?
J'aime les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là-bas . . . les merveilleux nuages!

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, October 5th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 657

Set by William Whitebait

You are asked to provide limericks for famous pictures. The limericks may be of any sort, gay, savage or serious, but they must be printable. Competitors are specially warned about this.

Report by William Whitebait

Hundreds, almost thousands, of limericks. Most people did a Mona Lisa; and there were frequent rapes of Sabine Women and Déjeuners sur l'Herbe. I print as many of the entries as there is room for. The winners, who share prizes equally, are asterisked.

* There we was, and wanting our tea,
And him painting Hubby and me.
My, we was bored.
They showed it abroad,
And now they calls it " On We."
(P. E. A.)

RESURRECTION. (*Spencer.*)

* The conclusion I reach at the Tate
When I stand by this work and debate
On the stiffs easing out
Is that quite without doubt
They are all of them going to be late.
(TALLIS)

THE WEANING OF FURNITURE-FOOD. (*Dali.*)

Oh, the furniture-food intervenes
Between me and munition-machines—
For the drawers and hair
Have a feminine air,
So why is it Dada that weans?
(TALLIS)

LADY LILITH. (*Rossetti.*)

* What! parted! not even a kiss?
Pray what is the meaning of this?
I declare, it's not fair!
I shall tear out my hair,
And *next* time I'll be done by Matisse!
(X. A. M.)

* There once was a flock of wild geese
Whose numbers were on the increase;
Remarked Peter Scott,
" I must paint the whole lot,"
Which he did—and still does without cease.
(B. & C. SEMEONOFF)

There was a young girl on a swing,
Who went out for an afternoon's fling,
The young man below
Fixed his gaze on her toe.
A surprising, and fortunate thing.
(A. M. C.)

Behold here a big girl of Italy,
Whose beau said she *always* frowned bittaly.
In pique and bravado
She sat to Leonardo,
And has smiled ever since—but not prittaly.
(JAMES COURAGE)

On *Botticelli's* BIRTH OF VENUS.

The Greeks knew a dame, Aphrodite,
Who, sometimes at least, wore a nite;
But Venus was born,
Like September Morn,
Now Art is all right, but that's flite.
(RODDY)

THE ALMIGHTY STRIKING THE FIRST CIRCLE OF THE EARTH. (*Wm. Blake.*)

This picture maintains the position
That God is a mathematician;
To explain what that means
Needs a genius like Jeans,
But Blake had a good intuition.
(LITTLE BILLEE)

MARS AND VENUS, by *Sandro Filipepi*, called *Botticelli*. (National Gallery.)

*Botticelli's conception of Venus
With Mars is unmanly. Between us
His notion of men
Is odd now and then:
But his Venus was bred for the greenhouse.
(CLIVE BELL)

One morning the Monarch said, " When
May I hope for a Queen of the Glen?
I look noble, I'm sure,
But my thoughts are not pure,
I'm no better than most other men."
(D. W. BARKER)

Of attractions the Sabines ain't stinted,
And I tell you my eyes fairly glinted
At the toes and the knees
And the those and the these——
But hist! or I'll never be printed.
(D. W. BARKER)

A RENOIR.

*There was a young woman who said,
My cheeks are so round and so red,
And the light on my dress
Is like pure happiness,
In the shade of the apple-tree spread.
(F. C. C.)

Name—Sargent. *Profession*—A climber.
Terms—A two-hundred-guineas-a-timer.
Sitters—Persons of rank.
Refer—Coutts's Bank.
Works—Portrait of Asher Wertheimer.
(RONALD MASON)

A Bloomsbury critic said, " Ryahly,
That deplorable *Boyhood of Raleigh*,
As depicted by Millais,
Is fratefully sillais—
But how *seismic* if painted by Dali!"
(RONALD MASON)

ANY PICTURE OF FEU S. COOPER, R.A.

I always liked Cooper's rich Cowery,
An acreage of udder, with bowery,
By the stream, in the pond,
Or the meadow beyond,
It was always the same golden Wowery.
(PANTAREI)

PLATE OF OYSTERS AND CARAFE. (*Braque.*)

* The world seems all grey, white and blaque
Since I've eaten those oysters by Braque,
Washed down by a quafe
From that smashing carafe
That's so full of élan and attaque!
(SUSANNE KNOWLES)

Cried Sir Joshua, " Well, in my school,
Cool tints do not please, that's the rule."
But Gainsborough, unmoved,
Said, " The Blue Boy has proved
Worth its thousand pounds, cool or not cool."
(G. J. BLUNDELL)

Does the smile Mona Lisa conceals
Mean more than the lady reveals?
She may think, to be sure,
She is looking demure,
But I question if that's what she feels.
(E. W. FORDHAM)

Arnolfinis both sate to Van Eyck;
Said the wife, " Though it's ugly, it's like;
Even if the truth mattered,
I'd rather be flattered—
Why didn't we wait for Van Dyck?"
(SIR ROBERT WITT)

With a nude and some columns Ionic,
Lord Leighton achieved the harmonic;
He gazed, and said " Psyche!
By Golly! By Pcryche!!"
And went out for a stiff gin-and-tonic.
(BUTTON)

THE AVENUE, MIDDELHARNIS. (*Hobbema.*)

I confess that I really am through
With Hobbema's Dutch Avenue.
The trees are so tall,
Their tops are so small,
And they utterly ruin the view.
(ELIZABETH LISTER)

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/

* For 'Virginia' Smokers

FALSE TEETH
and false economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy, because the trouble can so easily be put right. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, *for making false teeth fit firmly*, will hold it securely in position for many hours, ensuring comfort, confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Dentists. Handy sprinkler tin 1/3d, large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

PURELY PERSONAL

AN EXCELLENT COOK—a good meal—an entertaining book and a satisfying King Six Cigar! A strenuous day fully justified—for 10½d.

London University Degrees

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for Matriculation, Special Entrance, Intermediate, and Degree examinations of London University. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Low fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure. Over 10,000 U.C.C. students passed London University examinations during 1932-1941.

● PROSPECTUS from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70, Burlington House, Cambridge

SPARE-TIME WRITING

If you are interested in writing, FICTION, JOURNALISM, POETRY, RADIO PLAYS, study at HALF-FEES by correspondence in spare time with the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM—the only School under the direct patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press" from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57, Gordon Square, London W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

THE FINAL SOLUTION of the World's RACIAL and ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

based on Scriptural Records is given by Question and Answer in a remarkable book entitled

"BLIND IS MY SERVANT"

published at 1/3 and obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son Ltd., or post free 1/6 from E. H. Cox, 157 The Crescent, Walsall.

CIVILIAN WAR RISKS

are normally covered

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE

under new

WITH-PROFIT POLICIES

effected with the

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2